THE
NATION

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CYRUS EATON
Merchant of Peace

by John Barden

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

AS CUBA SEES IT . . *Carleton Beals*

ARE HOUSEWIVES NECESSARY? . . *Eve Merriam*

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LETTERS

The letter which appears below is one of many we have received in praise of Ralph Colp, Jr.'s study of Vanzetti in our December 27, 1958, issue. But there has also been some interesting adverse comment, particularly with regard to that part of Dr. Colp's article which dealt in psychiatric terms with Vanzetti's personality. Next week we will publish two such critical letters (one from a psychologist, and the second from a distinguished jurist who once served as Vanzetti's attorney), together with Dr. Colp's reply.—EDITORS

Perspective on Vanzetti

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* is to be commended for publishing Ralph Colp, Jr.'s "A Biographical Inquiry into the Life of Bartolomeo Vanzetti" [*The Nation*, December 27]. As Colp rightly points out, most thinking about Vanzetti is dominated by a portrait of him that is more legendary and heroic than clearly defined and realistic. The three most widely known works of literature that deal with the Sacco-Vanzetti case—the two plays, *Winterset* and *The Male Animal* and Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*—do not misrepresent Vanzetti. But nevertheless they have helped to disseminate a one-sided, incomplete view of the man.

The Vanzetti who emerges from the poetic mists of *Winterset* is a god-like figure whose every word during the trial "was sweet and tolerant." The real Vanzetti interrupted the testimony of a policeman during the trial to shout, "You are a liar!" Both *The Male Animal* and *U.S.A.* rely on a single piece of evidence to characterize Vanzetti: his memorable statement to a newspaper reporter that begins "If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scorning men." Dos Passos rewrites part of this passage and deletes a sentence, presumably to improve it; Thurber and Nugent make comparable changes. But it is not this tinkering with Vanzetti's admirable prose that gives us a distorted view of him; it is the fact that the image of the man that we derive from these works of literature is an epical one fashioned in concrete and fifty feet high. It is like the impression one would have of Lincoln if his only source of information were Whitman's poetry.

The measure of Colp's success is that he has reduced Vanzetti to life-size without making him any less interesting, significant, or admirable. He has also succeeded in pointing up the need for a balanced, full-length study of Vanzetti. Ideally, such a study would combine, among other things, Colp's insight into Vanzetti's personality, Louis Joughin's penetrating analysis of Vanzetti's thought (in *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti*) and Dos Passos' moving compassion in *Facing the Chair*. These are demanding specifications, but certainly worthy of the subject.

ROBERT P. WEEKS
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

The 'Doctor Business'

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the excellent review by Doctor George Silver of Richard Carter's *The Doctor Business* in *The Nation* for January 3. Would that all reviewers were as temperate and constructive.

In his review, Doctor Silver says "The disadvantages of Negro doctors and Negro patients today in America need indignant retelling." On this point, I would recommend to your readers Dietrich Reitzes' *Negroes and Medicine*, published in 1958 by the Harvard University Press for The Commonwealth Fund. This is a carefully detailed study on Negro medical education and practice in the United States. The tone is rigorously investigative, and the picture hopeful, but the reader with a conscience will not find his reaction lacking in indignation.

DAVID BISHOP
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Demoralizing Draft

Dear Sirs: Having recently been drafted for two years, I read John C. Esty's article, "Draft-Dodger or Patriot?" in your January 10 issue with particular relish. My own case is an example of the waste and demoralizing effect of our present rules. I graduated from college at twenty, majoring in a "non-vital" subject. At the time I could either have requested induction or waited. I waited, in the hope that our draft laws would change.

Finding a job is not an easy task under normal circumstances, but with a 1A classification it is difficult indeed. I blush at the number of personnel directors who think I have a trick knee.

After two years of waiting, the Army gave me a physical examination and told me I could expect induction immediately. I tried to enlist in a reserve unit, but in New York City this is nearly an impossibility. The reserve units find it taxing merely to place returning servicemen. Almost the only way to join the reserves is through influence — a lovely and enlightening phenomenon for our youths to encounter. My induction came ten months after the physical examination.

During this period of nearly three

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The "Political" Budget

It certainly is political. But the politics is on both sides. On the Republican side, the absurd and hypocritical nature of the performance is demonstrated by two factors, among others. First, here is a "balanced" or "hold the line" budget in the amount of $77 billion—let's not bother with that $30 million in small change appended to the billions. But the "surplus" is of a scarcely greater order of magnitude: $70 million. The ratio of $70 million to $77 billion is about 1 to 1,000. One would think that a budget is a precision instrument. Actually, a first approximation to a budget with serious pretensions to balance would require a margin of say, at least, 1 per cent, or in the case of this budget, about $800 million. Even that would be skating on thin ice, since to achieve his "balance" General Eisenhower has included in receipts new tax and postal revenues which by all indications he isn't going to get.

Bipartisan hyprocrisy is ably demonstrated by Senators Byrd and Keating, among others. Senator Byrd, the eminent tightwad of so many Congresses that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, is against spending, except in Virginia. When the Navy decided to close down its air station at Chincoteague Island because of a decrease in fleet operations, Byrd joined the neighboring chambers of commerce in anguished protest. This was before the budget was presented to the Congress. Likewise in the pre-budgetary politicking, Senator Keating announced that he was making a major effort to obtain a "greater and more equitable" share of government "defense" contracts for New York State.

A cursory survey shows that the 1960 budget is practically the same as its predecessors. As always, a silver dollar (or a pie) is cut into slices, of which "national security" takes about 60 per cent. Added to the monetary cost of future wars, there is some 15 per cent in payments on the national debt and veterans' benefits, that is to say the continuing monetary cost of past wars. All this is sacred. No one, least of all the Democrats, thinks of criticizing the President for spending too much on the military; in fact, the President is parsimonious in this field: the ghosts of George Humphrey and Charlie Wilson are not laid. The Democrats will demand greater military spending, not less. The only comfort is that while the Congress is free to appropriate additional funds, there is no way to force the Executive to spend them.

Ever vigilant against the menace of inflation, the President in his economic report, issued on the heels of the budget, stresses the "particularly critical role" of union leaders in keeping prices stable. Excessive wage increases, "not justified by the productivity performance of the economy," endanger jobs and produce inflation, he points out. This is a selected part of the truth. Inflation is built into the swollen military budget, to which we have become so accustomed that everyone takes it for granted in perpetuity. In short, the start of the budget wrangle affords little prospect of any serious debate on a serious topic, and the public will be offered the usual choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Adding Up the Score

In its closing days, Anastas Mikoyan's unofficial barnstorming tour of the United States ran into stormy emotional weather. Mr. Mikoyan, who had proved himself adept at extending the American political custom of baby-kissing to embrace industrialists and financiers, suddenly found himself faced by an overtly hostile panel on a nation-wide television program. He engaged in two Washington conversations which proved so unprofitable that he was moved to angry accusations. He also read a *New York Times* article by Harry S. Truman which deplored any hobnobbing between foreign dignitaries and American private citizens.

On the "Meet the Press" incident, we side with Mr. Mikoyan. Newspapermen understand clearly the difference between questions designed to elicit information and those intended to put a man on the spot. The panel that Sunday afternoon asked questions which they knew their guest could not answer, and which were meant to produce an appearance of evasion. The fact that Mr. Mikoyan kept his poise and good humor under the ordeal was a victory in politeness for his side.

On the final Washington meetings, during which he talked trade and got nowhere, we think he lost his sense of perspective. He had been insisting for two weeks that he had no axes to grind and no schemes to sell. Certainly he came here with no bargains to offer and he

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cannot really have been surprised that he was given no bargains to take home. His cross remarks about the cold war sounded as though meant for publication in *Pravda*.

As for Harry Truman's view that only officials should talk to officials, it is a symptom of the widespread inferiority complex which plagues this country in Soviet matters. We fear that a Russian politician is too smart for an American businessman; that a pat on the back by a Deputy Premier is enough to make a Detroit industrialist wag his tail. It's a view to make David Harum turn in his grave (and one which can scarcely be entertained in view of Mr. Barden's study of Cyrus Eaton in this issue). No one has suggested that a Russian smile is as good as money in the bank. Smiles should be met with smiles, gestures with gestures, arms reductions with arms reductions. Mr. Mikoyan says the smiles will make the reductions easier; it costs nothing to try.

In his last few minutes before boarding his plane, Mr. Mikoyan recovered his good humor, reiterated his view that American industrial power and prosperity were impressive, urged that at this time, when a major war is relatively unlikely, every effort should be made to assure that it can never become likely. We know that these views are correct; why should we assume that Mr. Mikoyan believes them lies? He came here to build up good will; it would be suspicious to the point of paranoia to complain that he seems to have succeeded.

The Plough and the Stars

Let us waive the anthropocidal potentialities of the rocket race, on the shaky premise that the missiles will never be fired in anger. Let us assume that only beneficial results will flow from what is undoubtedly the most ambitious technological enterprise mankind has yet engaged in: transportation from any point on the earth's surface to any other at speeds not in the hundreds, but in the thousands of miles; flight to the other planets of the solar system; and corollary profits beyond the present scope of imagination. The question still remains: do our present investments in missilery make sense by any recognizable human criterion? While reaching for the stars in heaven, are we not preparing for mankind a social and economic hell on earth?

The world is not static. Nearly five years ago, P. M. S. Blackett wrote in *The Nation* that the average per capita income of the 300 million people of the "rich" countries of the West was about $1,000 a year, while at the other end of the scale the 900 million inhabitants of Africa, the Middle East and Asia (excluding China) were each living, if that is the word, on about $60 a year. Blackett went on to point out that the gap was actually widening, with the relatively rich countries improving their position at the rate of about 3 per cent a year, and the poor countries standing substantially still. The reason is, of course, that the poor countries have no surplus to invest in order to increase production.

Recently, the Population Reference Bureau in Washington published some figures which should send a chill down the spine of any statesman who has mastered the theory of compound interest. In 1958, the world's population rose by 47 million. In 1959, the increase will be 50 million. World food production is not keeping pace, except perhaps in Communist China. The likely outcome is global convulsion.

But the only convulsion which gets any kind of publicity in the United States is the missiles race. New gimmicks are constantly being developed to boost spending for missiles. The latest one is the widely publicized missile-gap. Somewhere around 1961 or 1963, the theory runs, the Russians will be producing a few thousand ICBMs a year, while our production will be in the hundreds. *The New York Times* has pointed out that these prognostications were based on pure guesses as to Soviet productive capacity and the assumption that our output would remain static.

The real peril is the hunger-gap, not the missile-gap. The missile-gap can be exorcised by agreement among the Great Powers, which is difficult but not impossible. Any other mode of dealing with it can only increase the hunger-gap. Utterly oblivious of this fundamental discrepancy, experts like William C. Foster, our chief negotiator in the surprise-attack conference in Geneva, have proposed *doubling* our expenditures for armament. The Russians will then be forced to do likewise, the argument runs, which will make more of a dent in their standard of living and economic aid to underdeveloped countries than in ours. Dr. Philip E. Mosely, director of studies for the influential Council on Foreign Relations, sounds the same note: "If we were to cut our defense expenditures by $10 billion . . . the Soviet Union . . . would have that much more leeway . . . to experiment with aid to backward countries. . . ." Therefore, more missiles! The sky has become the rich man's road to suicide.

Labor Forecast for 1959

As far as the labor scene is concerned, 1959 came in like a lion and is likely to go out the same way. Joseph E. Finnegan, chief federal mediator, predicts a "tough year" at the bargaining table as 155 major contracts, covering 3,000,000 workers, are due to expire. He foresees the danger of strikes in the oil, electrical, steel, meat-packing and longshore industries. The December unemployment figure jumped 300,000 to 4,100,000, the biggest monthly rise since last June. The United Auto Workers, suffering from a loss of income as its members lose jobs, has had to make its own contribution to the list of jobless: union personnel have been discharged in sufficient numbers to save $400,000 a year in salaries.

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And all these immediate and urgent matters must be considered in conjunction with Bernard Karsh's description (page 93) of technology's accelerating adverse effects on organized labor.

In truth, the AFL-CIO has every reason to be jumpy; and the extent of its nervousness may be gauged by the reversals it seems almost ready to make on its attitude toward those two noisy orphans, the International Longshoremen's Association and the Teamsters Union. A year ago, the ouster of the two unions seemed to many observers a healthy development and a sign of "real" labor unity. With due regard to the moral issues involved, *The Nation* never thought any such thing. And today the I.L.A.'s petition for readmission to the federation has been promised "full and sympathetic consideration" by the AFL-CIO Executive Board, while the Teamsters Union has found a champion for readmission in Harry Van Arsdale, president of New York's Central Trades and Labor Council. "It's time," said Mr. Van Arsdale, "to call back every union into one solid labor block." It's time, in other words, for the inevitable to happen.

Massive Collapse

The double blow inflicted last week on Virginia's "massive resistance" laws — one by the state's Supreme Court of Appeals, the other by a federal court — could have surprised no one who has been following the pattern of litigation evolving since the Supreme Court's school-segregation verdict of 1954. Of the two decisions, the state court's is the more dramatic, since it sets Virginia justice — and not any "alien" Yankee justice — against Virginia practices. But it is the federal court's verdict which will have the broader and more lasting significance. The state court based its anti-segregation rulings on Virginia's constitutional provision for a "free system of public schools"; wipe out the provision — as could be done by a state constitutional amendment — and the rulings fall to the ground. The federal decision cannot be so out-flanked. Based on the "equal rights" clause of the federal Constitution, it says, in effect, that for a state to close some schools in order to prevent integration, while permitting other (segregated) schools to remain open, constitutes illegal discrimination. (The closed school, the court noted, discriminates not only against Negro children, but also against white children who might be willing to attend an integrated school.) In other words, either all schools in the state must remain open, or all must shut down. The decision is as valid for Little Rock's Central High as it is for the closed Norfolk, Virginia, schools immediately involved.

What will Virginia do now? The state already has a pupil-placement law, similar to Alabama's and that of other Southern states, which indirectly led to last week's important decisions. This law sets up a series of qualifications for admission to the public schools: the moral character of the applicant, his home environment, transport conditions to and from school, friction in the school which his admission might engender, etc. In Alabama, a federal court has already ruled such a law to be Constitutional *per se*, but warned that it must be applied in good faith, and not for the purpose of perpetuating segregation. Because only its method of application can hereafter be challenged, Virginia could now proceed to enforce the law — argues Arthur Krock of *The New York Times* — with the comfortable feeling that opponents would have to make a separate case out of every Negro child turned away from a public school.

But is the outlook really so comfortable for Virginia? The exhaustion and expense involved in endless litigation cut both ways: they must be borne by state and county treasuries, or by school boards, as well as by the NAACP or other plaintiff. Or does Virginia think it can afford a private-school system (itself of doubtful legality)? With every bastion of segregation that falls, it becomes increasingly expensive to erect another in its place. One day the South will run out of money, if not of prejudices.

AS CUBA SEES IT . . *by Carleton Beals*

Havana

NOTHING has done more to solidify the Cuban people behind the revolutionary Government than the "bath of blood" statements by our Congressmen, the veiled threats of intervention, the possible cutting off of trade, the imposition of sanctions, the proposal that American tourists be prevented from going to Cuba. From end to end of this island, the cry goes up, *"Unidad! Unidad!"* and it sounds forth from the Communists to the extreme Catholic Right. On every corner, in every bar and restaurant, on every autobus, comes a bitter anti-American reproach.

At a monster labor demonstration in front of the Palace, where Fidel Castro and President Urrutia spoke from the balcony, the waving signs had only two themes: "Justice"—by which is meant the punishment of Batista's army officers and police—and anti-American slogans: "We don't need American ideas and opinions," "No more foreign meddling in Cuban affairs." And Castro

CARLETON BEALS is a veteran correspondent and author of a score of books on South America. This is his third dispatch from Havana.

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really took off the gloves in his denunciation of the United States and its policies for the past half century: "They will never establish good relations with free Cuba by starting with threats."

It may be that the American people are not really as critical of the Castro regime as statements emanating from Washington, and from the editorial columns of certain American newspapers, would make it appear. All the Cubans know about American attitudes is what they read in their own newspapers, and this has shocked them beyond measure.

I can attest that there has been no mass massacre in Cuba, only the trial and execution of those guilty of mass massacres. According to Castro, and this is the general opinion in Cuba, the American Congressmen were ignorant of the facts; much of the news dished out to the American people during the Batista regime, and since, has been twisted. The Cubans point to the conduct of a representative of one of the American news agencies here. The various departments of the new Government have been sending the names of *"Botelleros"* to the courts for possible prosecution. A "bottle," in Cuban slang, is a sinecure—the acceptance of a salary for work not performed, which is forbidden under Cuban law. This particular news-agency man was long on the Batista payroll as an assistant commercial attaché. Cubans believe that this may explain in part why recent dispatches of Cuban events and statements made by Castro have been grossly twisted.

IT IS the belief of many Cubans, friendly to the United States, that in "meddling" in Cuban affairs, Congressmen in Washington are serving their country badly. Cuba is the sixth largest market of the United States, but it can sell its sugar elsewhere, it can buy its goods elsewhere—with injury, of course, to both countries. If the Cuban people are aroused much further against the United States, then the Government will be pushed willy-nilly to the extreme of confiscating the billion dollars worth of American property in Cuba. For all the large industries and most of the best arable land of the country are owned by American corporations, not by Cubans.

These American officials, Castro said at the Palace, who are beating their breasts over the execution of a few of Batista's thugs, showed no concern over the 20,000 Cubans slaughtered during the last six years. "The fact is"—here I quote directly from notes taken at the Palace—"these gentlemen are not interested in human life, and would not be even if the executed criminals were innocent. They are interested only in meddling in Cuban affairs, in attempting to besmirch the revolution in their own country and throughout the world. . . . They are afraid of the effect that a free Cuba will have upon the rest of Latin America, which has suffered so many indignities for so long."

Castro estimated that the number of militarists and police who would be found guilty might reach four hundred or so, but he pointed out that one of those just executed had killed more than four hundred defenseless men, women and children in a single day. "Did Congressman Wayne Hayes ever protest about that?"

Castro promised that not one innocent person would be executed. But the question involved was not Cuban justice, but Cuban sovereignty, the right of the Cuban people to rule in their own house. As for the military trials, let the American correspondents attend them, Castro has suggested, so they may send correct information. Let Wayne Hayes attend them. It is pertinent to quote the editor of *La Quincena,* a leading Catholic magazine here:

> The revolutionary tribunals have been active in Santiago de Cuba and in general in the interior provinces. These tribunals began functioning in campaign days in accordance with the previously elaborated military code. The trials held in Santiago and in other interior localities, although summary, have taken into account all the formalities and guarantees to insure that the sentence be in conformity with strict justice. Those sentenced were clearly guilty of grave crimes, the proving of which was not difficult [since] the chain of assassinations, of tortures, has been so extended and the men who committed them so well known. . . .

A Cuban View: Uncle Sam cries "Clemency!" in behalf of the monster labeled "Stooges of Batista."

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The crimes of the Batista Government were not merely against the persons and property of Cuban citizens. As I dig deeper and talk to labor and business leaders, the cesspool of corruption under Batista proves to be immeasurable. Scarcely a transaction, a contract or a concession was negotiated here without incredibly large percentages going to Batista and his entourage. The telephone company (American-owned) got its rates raised with a pay-off to the regime of $3,000,000, according to documents found in the office of Edmund Chester, Batista's press agent and go-between. Also found was a sickeningly adulatory letter from the top officer of the company: "Thank you, Mr. President." No wonder the populace on November 1 smashed up telephone coin-boxes.

And now a U.S. Ambassador who once worked for this same telephone company! And in a revolutionary situation such as exists here!

For nearly fifty years, the United States has scarcely ever had a true diplomatic representative in Cuba. Nearly every man sent down has been closely connected with American business concerns operating in Cuba. The new Ambassador, Philip Bonsal, is probably one of our ablest diplomats, but why in the name of common sense send him here? For much of his life, he was an officer of this same Cuban Telephone Company, which is currently under grave attack, the latest scandal being the theft from the national archives of all documents relating to the company's relations with Batista. Even if Bonsal acts in the most upright manner, he is going to be crucified before long by the Cuban press, and relations between the two countries will be worsened once more. This is more Dulles blundering.

THE THEFTS of the Batista regime run not into millions, but billions. In the light of examination of government records the past two weeks, it is estimated that Batista's take alone was more than $400 million. Cubans say that is a drop in the bucket of what he milked out of the country in other ways.

Besides demanding a cash graft for granting concessions or permitting the formation of new companies, he took 50 per cent of the stock. In cooperation with the dictator, labor leaders have gone into business in a big way. Large amounts of tax money were funneled into union pension and benefit funds; these were then used to promote new industries, the labor funds being replaced by stocks and bonds. The unions have financed big hotels, radio stations, construction enterprises, plantations. But for each dollar they paid out, they got only ninety cents in paper; the remaining ten cents were divided up among Batista and the labor chiefs. The unions have promoted about $800,000,000 of such new enterprises, which means that $80,000,000 have stuck to corrupt fingers. Besides that, Batista usually exacted a 50 per cent share of each undertaking. One of the most shocking stories of all is that of the deals to set up two atomic-energy plants on the island.

As sad as is the story of the Cuban situation, it is perhaps even sadder that at no time was the American public told the truth about affairs. Apparently—or so the Cubans believe—it was to the interest of the Pentagon, the State Department, American business *not* to have the truth told. Honest newsmen could not tell the truth and stay in business on the island. The failure even now to present the Cuban picture properly, plus the lack of knowledge of what went on previously, have led to these outbursts in Congress against the new Cuban Government.

CYRUS EATON: Merchant of Peace . . *by John Barden*

CYRUS S. EATON of the United States and Canada, the dominant figure in enterprises worth at least $2 billion, has set his formidable abilities to bringing peace to the world and composure to the United States. The project has the earmarks of an Eaton operation, though larger and more public than any heretofore undertaken. There is a plan which sets out the objectives and the practical action calculated to reach them. The mere utterance of sentiments, however wise and experienced, is a frivolity to which Eaton is not addicted. His approach to peace in the world and composure for the United States is about as frivolous as the organization of Republic Steel Corporation, one of his youthful accomplishments.

An Eaton operation is one in which Eaton generally has his way. Major and minimal objectives of both a public and private character are postulated. The opposition seems always to be overwhelming, a situation which brings assiduity to Eaton's work and joy to eventual victory. The choice of weapons is always Eaton's, and he knows the value of surprise. Wonderful coincidences occur, so favoring the Eaton operation at hand that in retrospect it is plain that Eaton coincided them. Powerful allies, well-motivated by their interests, suddenly appear from unexpected quarters; opponents are likely to spend time on frolics and detours especially arranged for them.

Eaton assesses the possibilities of defeat as carefully as the potentialities of victory. New situations are estimated from a constant flow of information from reliable sources and skillfully exploited. Last ditches to fight from are constructed in advance; all retreats are tactical; all losses salvageable. The worse his situation, the more formidable he becomes. Even when suffering staggering losses at the outset of the Great Depression, he kept the Kuhn-Loeb bank's Bethlehem Steel Cor-

JOHN BARDEN, former newspaperman and now on the administrative staff of Fenn College in Cleveland, Ohio, has had a long but (until recently) distant acquaintance with Cyrus S. Eaton.

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poration from merging with Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company — a twenty-eight-year-old precedent the federal courts are still enforcing today. The results of an Eaton operation are likely to have remarkable permanence.

Though a reader, writer and thinker, Eaton's characteristic mode of expression is action — and no public talking. He works seven days a week, and it would take a better man working seven days a week to beat him, but this has never happened. Eaton has been down (though not out) just once. It took the 1929 Depression to do it. That catastrophe only added strength to impressive talent.

In international politics, talking is a weapon, and so for a quiet man Eaton has been doing a great deal of unaccustomed public talking. He has been described as courtly, courteous, austere, dignified, assured, white-haired, tough-minded, intellectual. It's all true, but does not explain his hold upon even hostile audiences. What makes them sit up and listen is the nonconformity of a man plainly answerable only to God. Convincing moral indignation runs through his talk like the denunciations of the prophets. He keeps it convincing by getting down to cases. Eaton's program for the peace of the world and the composure of the United States is specific and barbed. [See opposite page. — Ed.]

Although most of Eaton's stated objectives have an oddly left-wing ring in right-wing ears, and a few ring wrong bells in left-wing ears, the right-and-left distinctions, however usefully applied to the French Chamber of Deputies, have no sensible application to Eaton. He believes productive people are the most important people in any society. His audience, as he sees it, is composed of industrialists, labor leaders, farmers and intellectuals. He knows the constituencies they influence constitute a workable majority. When this majority, doing the world's work, sees that the world is unsafe for its interests — human productivity in every form — they will change it. Eaton is sure they can if only they will, and he has set out to make them see their danger.

Cyrus Eaton

These notions are basically conservative, though tinctured with the radically democratic assumptions that any man is entitled to ask people to change things and that the people, if persuaded, are entitled to do so. Just how Eaton proposes to do this is becoming clear.

"The United States of America," he told the Third Pugwash Conference of Scientists in Vienna, "has reached greatness, not through its soldiers or statesmen, but through the genius of its scientists, industrialists, agricultural experts, and labor leaders." He closed the brief speech with this statement of the Eaton strategy:

> The eighteen influential conference participants from the United States come from the great universities and institutions that have played a major part in the development of atomic energy. I am particularly anxious that they and their colleagues in the powerful institutions with which they are associated will raise their voices boldly and loudly so that superlative achievements of science, industry, agriculture and labor in America will not be destroyed by the lack of wisdom of statesmen.

The scientists understand Eaton. He is trying to make scientists help make the world safer for scientists.

He said the same thing, differently, to a blue-chip industrialist group, The Economic Club of Detroit, last November. The industrialists understand Eaton, too. His support in his own constituency will be scattered and quiet, but it will be there, and it will be effective.

Eaton will restate his theses to conventions of labor and farm groups when invited, and he will be invited when the time is right. This has not yet occurred because the emergence of powerful allies from unexpected quarters gets careful advance planning in every Eaton operation.

The decisions Eaton has made as

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'For World Peace and the Composure of the United States'

Here are Cyrus S. Eaton's proposals for an American foreign and domestic policy as outlined to John Barden for The Nation.*—Ed.*

Foreign Policy

1. Dismiss Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

"Mr. Dulles goes gaily on gambling with the destiny of the world without restraint from any quarter. He evidently is impervious to the 1958 election returns, which his inflammatory activities helped render catastrophic for the Republican Party. He blithely courts the ultimate world catastrophe of the bomb without consulting even the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the House Foreign Affairs Committee."

2. Have President Eisenhower visit the Soviet Union and Premier Khrushchev visit the United States.

"Mr. Khrushchev told me he would like to see for himself the great cities, industrial companies, railroads and agriculture of the United States and Canada. With America spending $50 billion annually for defense and the fate of humanity at stake, surely the head of our government, with his fine personality and his infinite capacity for friendship, can afford to make an attempt to deal directly with his Russian counterpart on the Russians' own ground."

3. Recognize Communist China and admit her to the United Nations.

"We have elected to invite the enmity of the 600,000,000 Chinese on the mainland and have substituted for our old friendship with that proud and powerful nation a futile alliance with Chiang Kai-shek, an exiled has-been whom we have installed and maintained on a neighboring island at fantastic expense to the American taxpayer."

4. Strike a treaty of peace and friendship with the Soviet Union.

"Certainly the risk in such a treaty is fraught with far less hazard to humanity than the cold or a hot war."

5. Halt the nuclear arms race.

"Present stockpiles are enough to put to death every human being on earth. Any day, by accident or design, some fool, some fanatic, even some fumbler may touch off the explosion that will cause the holocaust."

6. Quit meddling in the affairs of other nations.

"The newspapers of such countries as Denmark, France, Germany, Austria, and England are unanimously critical of our policies. Our high government officials can no longer visit the republics of South America without inciting riots. In Canada, our near neighbor and best customer, the latest federal election was won by the party that proclaimed its lack of warmth, if not its downright hostility, to the United States."

7. Bring the influence of the world's scientists and scholars to bear on their governments in the interests of peace.

Since 1955, Eaton has been host or sponsor of twelve Pugwash conferences of intellectuals working in a variety of fields at great institutions throughout the world. The last, composed of eighty nuclear scientists from twenty-two nations—the largest delegations coming from the United States and the Soviet Union—met in Vienna last September. "These conferences cannot be held in the United States," Eaton declares. "The Chinese would not be permitted to enter and the Russians could enter only by subjecting themselves to humiliations no self-respecting scientist or scholar would submit to."

Domestic Policy

1. Abolish the secretive practices of American police organizations and confine them to legitimate police work.

"Blackmail" is Eaton's word for the purpose of the FBI dossiers on every prominent American in or out of government, not to mention those of city, county, state and other federal police including Congressional committees. "There are no secrets in the industrial or scientific worlds. Investigating and fingerprinting, surveillance and wire tapping, espionage and counterespionage — these keep alive the spirit of suspicion which is one of the evils that plague us. I am just as sure as I am alive that one of these days there will be an enormous reaction against secret police in the United States."

Eaton cited with praise Fred J. Cook's article, "The FBI" (*Nation*, Special Issue, Oct. 18, 1958), exposing the myth of that organization's infallibility.

2. Forget anti-communism as a security measure.

"All this is folly," says Eaton. "We are the only major nation that doesn't have a single Socialist in its national legislature, the only nation without a large parliamentary representation of people who believe in government ownership of everything. I disagree with the police and politicians whose careers are based on the lunatic belief that the American people are so stupid as to embrace communism unknowingly. Our proper posture is not anti-communism, but enlightened capitalism."

3. Establish a warmer understanding between capital and labor.

"In every important industry in the United States there should be a meeting at least once a month between top management and labor leaders to discuss their mutual problems in a friendly spirit. Wisdom and restraint are required on both sides. The business leaders responsible for putting right-to-work legislation on the ticket last year hopefully learned some lesson from the defeat not only of this phony measure, but also of the candidates who went down with it."

4. Strengthen our banking system.

"In the financial panics of 1907, 1914, 1921 and the depression which began in 1929, the banks fell over one another to see which could sell out their customers fastest in an effort to keep liquid. I am not saying there would have been no 1929 readjustment if our banking system had been stronger, but I firmly believe we could have avoided the depths to which the combination of weak banks and our own emotionalism carried us. We need larger, more powerful banks, established regionally and competitively."

5. Find new leadership toward an enlightened capitalism.

"With all due credit to the politician, who must be elected, and to the editor, who cannot get too far ahead of his constituency, I think we must look beyond these old sources of leadership. I nominate the industrialist, the labor leader and the farmer as representing the indispensable elements of dynamic capitalism. Let the teacher, the preacher and the scholar add their best thinking, and I know we can look forward to a new era of enlightened capitalism that will excite the admiration of the entire world."

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chairman of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, and the simple hospitality of his Acadia Farms near Cleveland, have won important friends like Guy L. Brown and W. P. Kennedy in the powerful railroad brotherhoods. He also has a friend in the United Mine Workers, a fellow named John L. Lewis, to whom he lent effective help in the 1946 coal strike. As for the AFL-CIO, there is not much in Walter Reuther's public statements to which Eaton would object, and what there is may also be unacceptable to George Meany.

By persistently exerting quiet influence favoring open-minded and expeditious bargaining in the steel industry, Eaton has an important friend in David J. McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers. Those interested in how to make friends with labor leaders on the basis of labor's prime interests ("What have you done for us lately?") could do worse than watch the Eaton approach to the AFL-CIO.

A gentleman-farmer, Eaton is the son of a prosperous merchant-farmer in Nova Scotia. Yet the "country squire" aspect of Eaton's Scotch Shorthorn cattle-breeding at Acadia Farms and Deep Cove Farm near Chester, Nova Scotia, is not irritating to plain farmers. He knows cattle-breeding. He has shown PS Troubadour, the Shorthorn calf which took the 1956 International Grand Championship over all breeds, throughout eleven states and Eastern Canada. The trip covered 100,000 miles. More than 75 million people came to see the memorable Troubadour, among them most of the agricultural experts and farm leaders of both countries. Since Troubadour can't talk, they talked with Eaton who, what with one thing and another, chanced to be there when they were. They were likely to learn, among other things, that he had been invited by the Soviet Government to bring Troubadour and representative cattle from his Shorthorn herds to Moscow for an agricultural exhibition. Editor Earl W. McMunn, after meeting Soviet Ambassador Mikhail Menshikov at Acadia Farms, went back to his influential *Ohio Farmer* and wrote an editorial in support of mutual understanding with Russia. Whatever the gambit, agricultural experts and farm leaders understand Eaton is trying to make the world safer for farmers.

EATON'S conclusions about the world — the place is unsafe and the needed repairs, though not easy, are obvious — come as a shock to the politicians. He has moved in on their territory, and they are frankly at a loss to know how to deal with him. After his attack on the FBI on the Mike Wallace TV show last May, the House Committee on Un-American Activities moved against him. Eaton was only too eager to use the committee as a national sounding board for his views. Though its chief snooper, Richard Arens, stated May 19 on ABC-TV that a subpoena had been issued for Eaton, the subpoena was never served. The hard-nosed politicians who might have been expected to lead the secret-police bureaucracies and the jingoists against Eaton, didn't feel up to it.

The newspapers, with some notable exceptions, are in a quandary about Eaton. He enjoys influential and accurate reporting from the *Washington Post*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Milwaukee *Journal*, Cleveland *Press* and the Knight newspapers. The rest cannot ignore him. He is news. He stands at the top of a class the press most admires—businessmen and industrialists. His deviations from the American line have to be explained to the public. This cannot be done by calling him a fool, since it is axiomatic that anybody who makes a fortune in industry has brains or luck, and in Eaton's case it wasn't luck. He's done it twice.

Some papers would like to call him a Communist and let it go at that, but too many people traveling in the same circles as the editors and publishers know enough about Eaton to laugh that charge out of the papers. So the standard journalistic approach is to cover the Eaton rhetoric without the substance, then write him off as a well-intentioned tycoon lost in the fog of higher politics through-which-we-see-so-clearly.

A recent example was the favorable Cleveland *Plain Dealer* story (Dec. 14, 1958) on an Eaton talk before the Men's City Club. The sharp questions from the audience, duly answered, and a standing ovation for Eaton, were fairly reported. But in reporting the speech, the *Plain Dealer* quoted Eaton's reference to John Foster Dulles as an "insane fanatic" without quoting the evidence Eaton brought to its support, of which there was a wide assortment. One was a discussion of the recognition of Red China. Eaton fairly stated the Dulles argument that to recognize Red China would dismay our friends, the non-Communist nations of Asia, then proceeded: "Who are these friends? Well, the biggest one is India. India recognized China long ago. . . . Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, and Indonesia have recognized China. Japan is the only major nation in the Far East which hasn't and it has been restrained from doing so only by pressure from the United States. The whole Dulles argument is misrepresentation almost beyond belief. . . ."

THE assessment of Eaton's capabilities, motives and prospects in bringing peace to the world and composure to the United States is not easy. According to Eaton, his capabilities are modest, his motives altruistic, his prospects excellent.

Enough has been said, perhaps, of the Eaton capabilities to establish that the only modest thing about them is his disclaimer. He brings to his present objectives fifty years' experience in international commerce, industry and finance. It is reasonable to suppose that a man who put together $5 million in U.S. public funds and $5 million in Canadian public funds with about $5 million in private funds and emerged in full private control of the fabulous Steep Rock Iron Mines, Ltd., understands the basic principles of treaty-making.

Eaton's German industrialist partners in the development of his Canadian iron-ore properties on Ungava Bay — as shrewd and hard-

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headed a lot as there are in the world — would be surprised to hear Eaton charged with amateurism in international negotiations.

John Foster Dulles, even with a State Department commission, is just another New York bankers' lawyer to Eaton. He has defeated platoons of lawyers like Dulles on their home grounds, the federal courts and commissions. He did it to Newton D. Baker's firm in the Bethlehem-Youngstown merger case and to Robert A. Taft's firm in the Cincinnati Union Terminal case establishing competitive bidding for the issuance of railroad securities.

He has no high opinion, either, of potential adversaries like generals and admirals. "One who reads their memoirs," he says, "cannot help but wonder at their vanity."

It has been laughingly asserted that Eaton thinks Khrushchev can be trusted. What Eaton thinks is that any man, or group of men, can be bound by their own interests. He believes that the Soviet Union, if relieved of our inimical encirclement, could be bound by its interests in building up its own economy to a consistent policy of friendship and trade with the United States. Coming from one who has had exceptional success in binding men by their interests to his own enterprises, this opinion seems worth serious examination.

EATON IS, of course, just one man opposing the policies of large governments. His case depends in the main on his persuasive abilities. Though these are considerable, he is operating in a field of public relations and politics in which he is supposed to be an amateur. This argument overlooks what Eaton did to the political careers of Newton D. Baker, Wendell Willkie and Robert A. Taft.

Baker came into the 1932 Democratic convention as the candidate who could win the Presidential nomination in the event of a deadlock between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Al Smith. Eaton came to the convention with a solid victory over Baker in the Youngstown case and a natural reluctance to see him made President. He joined forces with James A. Farley and helped persuade William G. McAdoo's California delegation that Roosevelt was their man. The result was that Baker's opportunity never came up.

Wendell Willkie's political life would have been much happier had he not tangled with Eaton. Their relationship went far back into the 1920s. Eaton had known Willkie, somewhat intolerantly, as a cigar-chompin', whiskey-drinkin' public-relations man and lawyer-lobbyist for the Ohio Edison Company, which serves the Acadia Farms.

IN 1939 the New York financial community, its eye on the control of the Presidency, found or invented a Galahad in Wendell Willkie, president of the Commonwealth Southern Corporation, a public-utility holding company. Eaton watched this process gloomily, then caught wind of a deal in which Commonwealth Southern was about to buy 125,000 shares of common stock in its wholly owned Michigan subsidiary, Consumers Power Company, at $28.25 a share, the book value. The idea was to fatten up Consumers' equity so it could simultaneously float a $28 million bond issue. Willkie had arranged the underwriting with the usual gentlemanly syndicate of investment banking houses. There was to be no raucous competitive bidding. The underwriters would make $500,000. The deal was classic New York banking practice and was approved by the SEC and the Michigan Public Utilities Commission.

Eaton, who believed in competitive bidding, offered in writing to pay "substantially in excess of $28.25 a share" for the Consumers' stock, politely noting Willkie's oft-repeated complaint that the public wasn't buying utility stocks. If Willkie accepted, the gentleman bankers might walk out on the deal; if the presumptive Republican Galahad rejected the offer — well, his deal was something less than a quest for the Holy Grail.

Willkie rejected the offer, and both sides took to the newspapers. In the end, not only did Willkie have to drop the deal, but the SEC promulgated Rule U-50 establishing competitive bidding for all utility issues under SEC jurisdiction.

Willkie turned to easier things like getting to be President. Eaton never let go. He turned pamphleteer and wrote "The Third Term Tradition" for the Oct. 5, 1940, issue of the New York *Post* in support of Roosevelt's third term. When all three Cleveland papers came out for Willkie, Eaton wrote Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes an open but widely unpublished letter. Cleveland, he said, badly needed another newspaper. Since Eaton could afford the expense personally, this sentiment gave pause to the Forest City Publishing Company, which owned the *Plain Dealer* and the *News*, and to the *Press*, the prosperous keystone of the Scripps-Howard organization. They decided Willkie was not much of a Republican anyway, a feeling which gradually spread among influential Republicans.

Willkie's political career came to an abrupt close in the Wisconsin primaries of 1944, a state in which Eaton had numerous friends engaged in the business (and politics) of utilities, iron ore and shipping. Willkie ran last in a field of six.

The disappointments of Robert A. Taft, a perennial Presidential aspirant, clinched the rule that no serious Eaton adversaries ever become President. Taft, who had told Eaton his application to enter a competitive bid for the $12 million Cincinnati Union Terminal bond issue was "preposterous," twice came so close to the GOP nomination he could taste it. Each time a small windfall of delegates could have put him over, but he found the Eaton influence carefully marshaled against him, and there were no windfalls.

THIS RECORD surely jeopardizes Eaton's amateur status in the field of politics. It suggests the Eaton objectives of peace and composure are in the realm of the possible, and this raises the next question: What are the Eaton motives?

The motives in typical Eaton operations are apt to be a deft combination of public and private interests. In 1952, Eaton financing enabled the Cincinnati *Enquirer* employees to outbid the Taft family,

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which already owned one of the city's other two papers, in a probate court sale of the *Enquirer*. Eaton's Portsmouth Steel Corporation, which put up the $7,600,000 purchase price, made $250,000 as a fee for Eaton's time in less than four months. Eaton's time also covered arrangements for common-stock financing of the *Enquirer* and the sale of *Enquirer* debentures to the public. The proceeds paid off the $7,600,000 purchase price and the $250,000 fee. This account oversimplifies a series of complex transactions, but is a fair statement of the results.

Eaton, when asked, explained that most businessmen act from some combination of public and private considerations and that the money involved in the *Enquirer* transaction was of no great importance. Though modesty well becomes Eaton, this is not an analytical statement. What he did was stop a possible newspaper monopoly, hand a newspaper to its employees, defeat an old enemy, and make a quarter of a million dollars. Without these elements, the opportunity might not have interested him. Certainly the $250,000 was just one factor.

"What's money?" asks Eaton. "A man can wear only one suit of clothes at a time."

IT would be a mistake, in assessing Eaton's present operations, to become so engrossed looking for private motives as to lose sight of his public ones. As the controlling figure in iron ore, coal, steel, lake shipping and railroad companies, Eaton would surely face a period of readjustment for his enterprises were the cold war and the armaments race suddenly to cease, as he advocates. He also knows, though, that he would lose everything permanently in a hot war and that cold war and armaments are heading straight for a hot war. Beyond this, any fair appraisal must grant him the altruism of worrying about the fate of others in such a world.

Eaton has had a hard, first-hand look at the Soviet Union (200,000,000 people), a distant look at Red China (600,000,000 people), and has been heard to say, "If installment buying is ever introduced — and my hunch is that it will come eventually — the increase in demand for consumer products will create a mass market well worth American attention."

Coming from a man with substantial interests in the steel, electrical utilities, rubber, paint, oil refining and chemical industries, this means business — more business, Eaton believes, than American and Canadian industry will ever make in the cold war and armaments. It means business without the risks of death and total destruction now being taken.

With more confidence in his fellow-industrialists than most other observers can summon up, Eaton stated the case to Khrushchev: "I told Mr. Khrushchev that anyone who pictured the American businessman as encouraging war preparation in order to sell more iron ore, coal and steel misunderstood the United States. I expressed the view that we ought to reach friendship and understanding, and that we should trade with each other."

It can be positively asserted that Eaton did not negotiate, begin to negotiate, or even suggest to Khrushchev or any other Russian official any transaction which might benefit the Eaton enterprises in any specific way. He didn't have to.

If his efforts enjoy even limited success in opening up trade between the United States and the Soviet Union, the big foot in the door everybody will suddenly see will be Eaton's. Powerful and well-motivated allies have a way of appearing from unexpected quarters in every Eaton operation. If this was among the things in the back of his mind in his talks with the Russian leaders, it underlines rather than denies Eaton's belief that trade with Russia would benefit the United States as a whole and that the fate of humanity may well rest on which way this decision goes.

The lesser private motives detectable in any study of the Eaton career can be very easily exaggerated. He has in his time been harried by New York banks, politicians, newspapers, law firms, State Department embargoes on trade and travel, and Congressional committees. From them he's taken an unusual amount of punishment: he has been investigated, subjected to surveillance, sold out, libeled, threatened with contempt proceedings, boxed and sandbagged with legal documents and court orders. He has scores to pay off, and he's just the man to do it provided the retributions can be arranged pursuant to bigger operations aimed at larger considerations. Many an Eaton sortie has sideswiped an eye or a tooth from somebody who once took an eye or a tooth from him, but no Eaton operation has ever been wholly devoted to this Old Testament pastime — with the possible exception of the last days of his association with Henry Kaiser. That one Eaton fought with his back to the wall, a fight ending in courtroom victories for Eaton and the closing of Kaiser's career as manufacturer of Kaiser-Frazer automobiles. The Kaiser lawyers, it is worth noting, were the New York firm of Willkie, Owen, Otis & Bailey, assisted by the usual correspondents, in this case the Baker firm in Cleveland and the Taft firm in Cincinnati. Eaton's instrument in the battle, Otis & Company, is still doing business as a private bank.

A well-read student of the Christian tradition, Eaton loves his individual, corporate, police and political enemies, though not with a love that surpasseth understanding. He is always willing to devote time to the improvement of their characters through adversity, but only incidentally and only when they get in the way. At the moment Dulles and his State Department are in the way. The David-and-Goliath aspect of this encounter pleases rather than dismays Eaton, but he isn't much interested in Goliath. He's after the Philistines.

THERE IS something of the stiff-necked prophet in the Eaton character. In September, 1958, he uttered two prophecies to Khrushchev. "I ventured to suggest that, in due course, the American industrialist, the American labor leader, and the American farmer would demonstrate that they agree with me on friendship, understanding and trade with the Soviet Union. Meanwhile I suggested patience and forbearance on

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the Russian part. I also invited Mr. Khrushchev to watch the election returns carefully in November to see if the American voters did not express strong sentiment in favor of fresher and wiser foreign policies." Eaton was surer of the first prophecy, which Mikoyan's visit tends to confirm, than he was of the second, which has been wholly confirmed.

Any estimate of Eaton's prospects for peace in the world and composure in the United States must begin with some definition of what would constitute his failure. World War III would constitute the failure, but who's going to judge it? Short of this, his prospects seem excellent for some measure of success. Muddling through more decades of brinkmanship with the successors of Dulles is not a reasonable alternative. No two great powers about equally balanced in military capability and mutual official hatred can maintain so hostile a balance for long. No great powers ever have.

Eaton is taking his case to the productive people of the world. They will judge him and it.

THE CLERGYMAN and the SLUMS . . *by Dan Wakefield*

THE OTHER DAY I came across the story of a New York City family of twelve who lived in two rooms in a slum apartment and took in six boarders to help pay the rent. The report did not emerge, as might be expected, from beneath the headlines of the recent scandals concerning housing conditions and corruption in New York, the largest and richest city of the most affluent nation in the history of man. It came from the pages of *How the Other Half Lives*, the classic report of the New York slums written by Jacob Riis nearly seventy years ago. The Riis book chronicled the unsafe, unsanitary, overcrowded conditions that he found on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, and its grim revelations initiated the first great drive to clean up the slums of New York. Since that time, the main changes in the picture seem to be that there are more slums now than ever before and more agencies, both public and private, to eliminate them. The war on the slums has become bureaucratized and specialized, and one of its most frustrating and exhausting battles is that of the private agencies' constant fight to make the public agencies do the minimum job they were created to do.

The latest campaign in this running battle is being conducted by a thirty-five-year-old rector of an Episcopal church on Manhattan's Upper West Side. The Rev. James Gusweller came to the Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy three years ago, and quickly found that miserable housing conditions were one of the major plagues on the people of his parish neighborhood, which as recently as ten years ago was still a comfortable middle-class domain. Since then, many of the buildings have been divided into smaller, often one-room, apartments, or turned into furnished rooms, and a great many Puerto Rican newcomers have been stuffed into them. It is not unusual for a family of six people to occupy a single room, with a toilet in the hall, for $100 a month.

One recent afternoon, Pastor Gusweller sat in the basement of his church on West 84th Street and took time out between the unlimited assortment of problems being brought to him (the minister is one of the last remaining members of our society who can't afford specialization) to explain his story to a visitor. A young boy who didn't speak English and had been dispensed a pair of glasses that he couldn't see out of was waiting for the pastor to arrange an appointment with an oculist. Pastor Gusweller mentioned, between phone calls, that the faulty glasses were not the boy's only problem: "He lives in one of those one-room apartments with a family of six — and it's a very small room."

After sending the boy off to the doctor and answering phone calls from a newspaper reporter and a member of the district attorney's staff, the clergyman took time out and began the story of his own education in the housing war. When he came to the West Side church in 1956, he began immediately to try to help the people of his parish and neighborhood get the minimum standards of decent housing to which they were entitled by law. When the people heard of this, they began to come in greater numbers (now as many as fifty people a week come to the church for help in housing) and a weekly "housing clinic" was set up.

"We soon found out," the pastor said, "that we couldn't get much help from the city Department of Buildings. About the only thing they would act on was 'overcrowding' complaints." This meant that when building inspectors were called to investigate complaints, they would often merely file complaints of illegal occupancy of small rooms by large families. The result was not an improvement of the building, but rather the eviction of the complaining tenants. Others, of course, would soon move in, and things would be back where they started. Landlords exploit this situation by threatening tenants in crowded rooms with eviction for illegal tenancy if they complain about the building's condition.

"We started calling on the Department of Health, whenever possible, instead of the buildings department," the clergyman said, "and found we could get action from them in cases where sanitary laws were being violated."

In addition to help from the health authorities, the pastor was some-

DAN WAKEFIELD, a staff contributor, is the author of Island in the City, *the story of a New York Puerto Rican community, to be published next month by Houghton Mifflin.*

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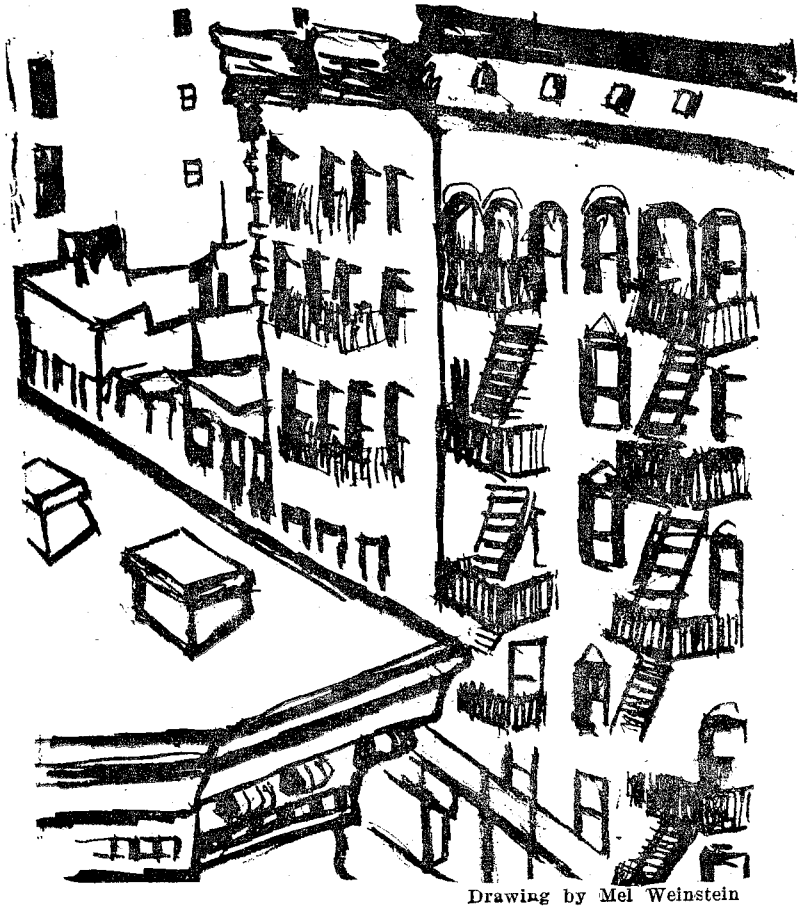
times able to get results by having private lawyers take landlords to court. One landlord was given the maximum fine for building violations, which is $500. This outcome is unusual, however, and most landlords of slum buildings find it more profitable to pay the fines than to do anything about repairing their property. A more typical case was one in which the owners of a building on West 85th Street had accumulated 144 violations between February, 1957, and December, 1958, and were convicted four times. The resulting fines ranged from $5 to $25. The landlords can class this as "overhead" and carry on business as usual.

With the expensive method of direct court action, which often produces no results, and the help from cases in which the Department of Health could claim jurisdiction, Pastor Gusweller continued to fight for better housing. He knew, however, that one of the basic obstacles was the buildings department. It was common gossip in this, as it is in other, slum neighborhoods that building inspectors, as well as police and fire inspectors, took pay-offs from landlords in return for not enforcing housing regulations.

"We had realized for a long time that there were irregularities," he said, "but we had no evidence."

Last fall the evidence came in from an unexpected source. A local real-estate financier had been cheated by one of the building owners in the pastor's neighborhood and wanted revenge. He had heard about the church's campaign for better housing and so he went to Pastor Gusweller with a "pay-off list" of the building owner who had cheated him. The list was alleged to be a record, kept by the building superintendent, of "routine" bribes paid to city officials in behalf of the landlord. The list, which covers a period of five weeks for a single building, records payments ranging from $4 to $60 to safety inspectors, fire inspectors, garbage inspectors, housing inspectors and policemen.

This information, followed by another superintendent's pay-off list, plus tape-recorded interviews with local residents of eyewitness accounts of pay-offs, was turned over by the clergyman to District Attorney Frank Hogan, who has been investigating corruption in the Department of Buildings for more than a year. The Hogan investigation, prompted by local newspaper exposés of graft, had largely faded out of the headlines and public concern, but the Gusweller charges have brought it back to the front page and started another "parallel" investigation by Louis I. Kaplan, city Commissioner of Investigations.



Drawing by Mel Weinstein

SO FAR Pastor Gusweller's revelations have produced no direct action on the specific charges, but indirectly they have caused a major upheaval in the buildings department and stirred at least a verbal volcano in the city administration's formerly stagnant attitude toward the problem of housing. When Gusweller's charges of corruption and pay-offs hit the headlines, the city "rediscovered" the slums.

In a classic expedition that should go down in New York City history as the local version of "Let them eat cake," high officials of the city government, led by Mrs. Bernice Rogers, then Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Buildings went into the jungles of some of the city's more notable slums and came out to express their "shock." Evidently, it was the first time that these officials, who are responsible for watching over housing conditions in the slums, had ever seen the slums. Mrs. Rogers told the press that "This type of living may be legal, but it's wrong morally, socially and ethically." One of her thoughts on remedying the matter was to ban family occupancy of single rooms. She evidently didn't consider the question of where the occupants would live when evicted. But Mrs. Rogers' notions on the slums are no longer of any relevance except to history, since a month after her trip she resigned from office. How the Other Half Lives is always a shock, whether it comes in 1890 or 1959.

When Mrs. Rogers resigned, she gave as her main reason a staff shortage in her department. She claimed no knowledge of the charges of graft, and expressed certainty that there was no reason why the District

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Attorney should call her to testify.

That the rot of corruption in the buildings department is no mere fantasy, and goes much higher in its structure than $5 pay-offs to inspectors whose beginning salaries are $65 a week, was proved again by the indictment, on January 7, of Frank P. Berardi, $5,800-a-year Acting Chief Inspector of the Manhattan Department of Buildings, on two counts of criminal contempt when he failed to answer questions on the removal from his office of official records containing building complaints.

Berardi's indictment was only the third in thirteen months of the District Attorney's investigation, however, and the new probe by Commissioner Kaplan has so far brought no charges against anyone. Mr. Kaplan was recently granted up to $100,000 to carry out his work, and he has announced that he was taking on seven lawyers, three engineers, and additional clerical aids. He has taken the position that the Gusweller evidence was only "hearsay," but he says that he is "looking into it."

The Kaplan investigation is part of what City Hall has named its "massive new attack on slums." The biggest part of the attack are Mayor Wagner's proposals for city and state laws designed to make it more difficult for landlords to escape punishment for violations. But below the headlines, the reality of misery and squalor in the city's slums remains unchanged and will remain so unless real enforcement replaces the age-old pay-off system. Two weeks ago the Rev. John Purnell, who joined Dr. Gusweller last mid-summer as curate of the Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy, sat in the room which serves as the church's "housing clinic" and faced the same problems and complaints that were faced before all the headlines. A visitor asked if any positive action had been taken to improve neighborhood housing since the church had turned in its evidence and Pastor Gusweller had met with the District Attorney, the Mayor and Mr. Kaplan. The Rev. Purnell reflected that things on the block were pretty much the same. For example, one of thirteen especially bad buildings which the church had listed for Commissioner Kaplan to investigate on grounds that no violations had been corrected, although the inspectors continued to inspect, was still as it was before. Father Purnell said that in this particular building, 102 W. 89th Street, the toilets were not working and the children had to get up and go to school as soon as it opens in the morning in order to use the school toilet.

Having tried every other recourse, more neighborhood leaders are turning to newspapers to fight the housing battle. Last week the Rev. George Coll of the St. Benedict the Moor Roman Catholic Church called a press conference for a visit to a tenement at 422 W. 53rd Street. The priest told the reporters that "Dozens of inspectors have been here — from the Fire Department, the Department of Health, the buildings department — and still these people are freezing. They have no water in the toilets. The pipes are leaking, the plaster is falling. The tenants don't know what to do. I don't know what to do."

It seems to be the enduring reality of the story of the slums that in the midst of plans for new legislation, $100,000 investigations, launching of new studies and formation of new committees, there was no one to go down to 422 W. 53rd Street and turn on the heat and water.

WHITE-COLLAR LABOR . . . *by Bernard Karsh*

A FEW WEEKS ago, the news services carried a story about another addition to the bewildering new array of many-armed monsters and electronic hardware that goes by the name of "automation." This gadget, at moderate cost, can be hitched to most of the 1,500,000 machine tools now in America's factories and machine shops and in every case is guaranteed to replace at least one old-fashioned two-armed operator. One was put to work for a business-machine maker who needed a 600 per cent increase in a certain manufacturing process. The new gadget produced twice that.

Almost the same day, 17,000 New York longshoremen took a "long" lunch period in Madison Square Garden to pass resolutions boycotting the increased use of automation on the piers of the world's busiest port. And meanwhile, two of the country's biggest airlines were struck by pilots and flight engineers whose discontent was rooted in issues arising, as we shall see, from the technological advancement of their industry.

Indeed, in innumerable factories, offices, union halls and executive suites, "automation" — interpreted to mean almost any kind of technological innovation which alters existing work routines — is talked about with increasing intensity, hopefully by some and ruefully by others.

Technological progress is as old as man. The history of all societies is a history of invention. But if inventions and changes in industry are not new, what is new is the increasing rate at which they are occurring.

J. Lewis Powell describes this acceleration in interesting terms. For the sake of graphic presentation, he compressed the 50,000 years of mankind's recorded history into fifty years, and on this basis develops the following chronology: (1) Ten years ago, man left his cave for some other kind of dwelling; (2) Five years ago, some genius invented the first writing; (3) Two years ago, Christianity appeared; (4) Fifteen months ago,

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Gutenberg developed the printing press; (5) Ten days ago, electricity was discovered; (6) Yesterday morning, the airplane was invented; (7) Last night, radio; (8) This morning, television; (9) The jet airplane was invented less than a minute ago.

Scientific and technical research and development, government- as well as industry-sponsored, has been growing at about 10 per cent per year over the last decade — about three times as fast as the national product. Ten billion dollars, it is estimated, were spent on technical research and development during 1958; about 10 per cent of this was spent on basic projects with no immediate industrial application. All of this suggests that the rate of technological change follows an exponential curve rather than a straight line of growth; when twenty inventions are added to twenty others, the total possible new combinations of tools are 400 rather than forty. And the larger the scientific and technical fund of knowledge, the more sharply the curve turns upward.

THE SECOND industrial revolution, as many call it, is having profound effects on the structure of American labor and on the trade-union movement. I intend to deal here with two of these effects, which I consider primary: (1) Because technological advancement has been most rapid in production processes, the blue-collar element in the labor force is growing steadily smaller, while the white-collar element — the office worker — grows larger; (2) all workers, whether in the office or on the assembly line, feel the need for safeguarding their future against the growing competition of the automated machine.

Let us deal first with the changing structure of the labor force. During the past decade, the United States became the first industrial country in which the traditional working class is no longer the major element in the total labor force. In 1956, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the number of white-collar workers exceeded, for the first time in our history, the number of blue-collar workers. And the gap will widen over the next decade.

American industry now employs almost 18 million non-supervisory white-collar workers, of which 8.5 million clerical workers comprise the largest group. These are the stenographers, secretaries, bookkeepers, typists, receiving and shipping clerks, telephone and office-machine operators. The next largest group is composed of professional and technical workers — engineers, accountants, auditors and the like. The importance of white-collar workers in manufacturing industries has grown dramatically. While the number of production workers increased by approximately 1 per cent between 1947 and 1956, the number of non-production workers, most of them white-collar, increased by 55 per cent. In the chemical industry (which is particularly subject to automation), production workers increased 6 per cent, non-production workers 67 per cent; in steel, production workers increased about 3 per cent, non-production 37 per cent. In the automobile industry, production workers actually decreased by about 3.5 per cent, while non-production workers increased about 24 per cent. Changes of a similar magnitude have occurred in food, textile, fabricated metals, aircraft manufacturing, oil refining and transportation.

ALL OF THIS has crucial import for the trade-union movement, which by tradition has its roots in the blue-collar workers. And until now, the labor movement has hardly begun to touch the vast potential represented by the white-collar workers. There is evidence that it may not even know how to tap it. A union organizer who learned his trade unionism during the upheavals of the 1930s, or during the bloody coal-mine wars which spread over an even longer period, will not recruit a status-conscious computer controller, an office secretary or a frustrated engineer by trying to convince him that his problems are the same as those of the man in overalls who works on the shop floor or on the shipping dock. As long as the white-collar worker *thinks* that he is different, for organizing purposes he is, in fact, different; and this has to be reckoned with in laying out an organizing strategy. Some sections of the union movement are beginning to understand the problem and to search for solutions. It seems quite clear that unless ways are found to appeal successfully to the increasing numbers of white-collar and professional workers, the trade-union movement will progressively disappear as a factor in American life.

TURNING NOW to the threat which the new technology represents to the worker — and thereby to the trade union — the position of the longshoremen on both coasts furnishes a dramatic example. Longshore work has some things in common in every port in the world. It is hard, dirty, hazardous and, worst of all, insecure. And longshore unions everywhere have reacted in similar ways to this insecurity. Trying to protect their members, they have sought to impose all sorts of restrictions upon the industry: restrictions on the hiring of new men, on the size of loads and of the work gangs which handle them, on the introduction of labor-saving devices and other kinds of technological innovations. The purpose of these restrictions is to spread the available work, to reduce the threat of unemployment and to improve the living conditions of the longshoremen. Longshore unions in New York, Melbourne, Southampton, Naples, Amsterdam and San Francisco have followed this path.

The 17,000 New York longshoremen who filled Madison Square Garden for a stop-work meeting were protesting the use of conveyor belts for loading ships through openings in the ships' sides, and the use of shipboard elevators in place of the usual deck-hatch loading. The shipping companies want to use six- to ten-man gangs instead of the usual twenty-one-man loading crews. Already in operation in some ports is a "container" system that can handle twelve tons of freight in four minutes — fifteen times faster than normal stowage. Under this system, truck trailers and other large containers are loaded away from the

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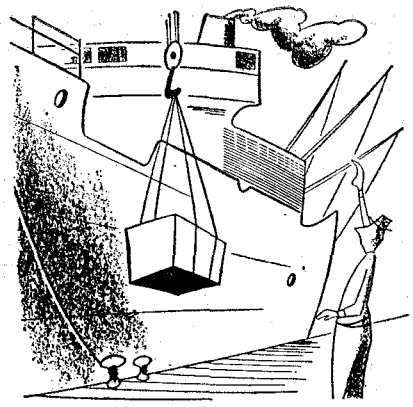

piers and then lifted bodily aboard ship. The International Longshoremen's Union top leadership agrees that such devices speed shipments and save money for ship lines. But, they insist, the shipping companies have some obligations to the men whose job opportunities are eliminated by the new technology. The only real solution, said one top union leader, is a six-hour day without loss of pay. Since ships are loaded and unloaded around the clock, additional job opportunities would be available for as many as one-quarter of the working longshoremen — enough to offset, says the union, the layoffs created by the new methods.

A DIFFERENT version of the same question — increased productivity as a result of technological change — is faced by the airlines. Here the problem becomes further complicated by a jurisdictional struggle between two unions. Following a recommendation of a government fact-finding board, Eastern Airlines agreed with the pilots' union that the engineer aboard the new jets should also be a qualified pilot. The company was willing to give its engineers pilot training at its own expense. The engineers' union denounced the plan. Their members, they said, will be at the bottom of the seniority lists as pilots. Were the airline to reduce the number of crews because of the greater carrying capacity of the jets, the pilot-trained engineers would be the first to go. The issue is even more involved than this. The new jets can carry more passengers at almost double the speed of conventional propeller-driven planes. Unless the volume of passenger and freight traffic increases substantially, a good many seasoned pilots are going to be laid off. The pilots' union is asking for a share of this increased "pilot productivity" — control over the "third man" in the cockpit (i.e., the engineer) to increase job opportunities; more pay to compensate for what it calls added pilot responsibility; shorter hours, more retirement benefits, and other related demands all calculated to secure the pilots' position in the face of the threat posed by the new flying machines. Two years of negotiations with the major airlines have not settled the problem. Even though Pan American, American Airlines and TWA previously signed contracts with the engineers' union awarding the "third man" job to them, the pilots are threatening to refuse to fly the new jets of any airline unless the third man is a qualified pilot. As airplanes have become larger, faster and more complicated, the pilots' fear of technological unemployment increases.

No major industry or union is immune from these kinds of problems. Even the trucking industry is rapidly adopting a new technology. Teletype-billing can tell a customer in a few minutes whether his freight is on the way; more and more truckers are using radio-equipped intra-city pickup and delivery trucks to speed service; some operators are putting in direct telephone communication between terminals to expedite space reservation and dispatching. Tractor units — the front-end trucks that haul the trailers — are now being built of new light-weight metals permitting the operator to pile on more than a ton of extra freight with every load. The Teamsters Union has already embarked on an organizing drive to bring in the white-collar workers who man much of the new equipment.

The United Auto Workers have attacked the automation problem with great vigor. Walter Reuther has said on numerous occasions that the union which he heads welcomes automation and technological change. But he stresses the need for an expanding economy built on full employment and the broadest possible purchasing-power base. The guaranteed annual wage was put forward as a means of dealing, in part, with technological unemployment in his industry. "It will affect management decisions concerning both the timing and the placing of new automation installations so that those decisions will be tempered by a degree of social consciousness," he has said. And if automation should result in the displacement of some workers, severance pay would cushion the shock and give them a breather to find other jobs. Training and re-training at company expense, the broadest possible seniority groupings, interplant transfers and the shorter workweek are among the basic methods urged by the U.A.W. to protect its membership against the encroachment of automation and machine displacement.

The union is persisting in its efforts to seek legislative solutions: increase of the federal minimum wage, the expansion of national vocational training, earlier retirement under the Social Security Act, improvement in unemployment compensation and the implementing of educational, cultural and recreational programs.

SOME unions have less to say about automation. The machinists tend to be critical of what some of its spokesmen have called the "exaggerated attention" given to the subject. They regard automatic equipment as just another phase of technological progress which has been going on since the beginning of time; workers should welcome it, they say, while unions should protect the rank and file against dislocations and unemployment. Like the auto union, the machinists want the benefits of improved production to be distributed to all sections of the economy. They stress shorter hours, increased pensions, increased social-security benefits, severance pay and increased opportunities for training and education. The machinists differ from the U.A.W. in one major respect — they do not consider rapid technological change to be any different from what it has been in the past. If there is a challenge in automation, say the machinists, the way for the union to meet it is to become more flexible

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and adaptable without sacrificing past gains.

The steelworkers take another, slightly different, tack. They see the principal task as one of finding a new job for the displaced worker or drastically reducing the number of hours of work, while simultaneously increasing the worker's purchasing power. The real problem, says the steelworkers' President McDonald, is solving the antiquated means of distribution in the face of the needs of American workers.

James Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers approaches automation as a mixed blessing. Rapid expansion of electronic- and automatic-equipment production has increased job opportunities for tens of thousands of his members. But equal numbers, particularly in radio and television assembly, have seen their jobs completely eliminated by the introduction of printed circuits, solder baths and automatic inspection. This is a particularly complicated matter for the I.U.E., because one segment of its members makes the new technology while another is displaced by it. Carey's proposals closely parallel the auto workers'.

The printing industry situation is an interesting one. The industry has seen an enormous rash of new labor-saving machines in recent years. Following the example set by the printing pressmen years ago, the Typographical Union has installed in its own headquarters the latest photographic-composition equipment. Under union instructions, journeymen printers from all over the country have been trained in the use of the machinery, and are returning to set up local training centers in their home communities. At the San Francisco school, three-hour classes are held with both day and night sessions to give shift workers opportunities to learn the new techniques. Considerable jurisdictional competition goes on among the typographers, the pressmen, the photo-engravers and the photographers.

WHATEVER the industry, a common set of union approaches to technological change can be noted. Unions are concerned with the problem of layoffs, with getting a share of the increased profits resulting from increased productivity, with protecting the earnings of workers whose output can no longer be measured in time units but are now measured by the built-in machine controls. The Packinghouse Workers, the Chemical Workers, the Textile and Communications Workers, no less than the Auto Workers and Air Line Pilots, are worried about the effects of the new processes, methods and machines on their members' job security and the continued existence of their union. Job-evaluation, job-classification, seniority, re-training, transfer rights and severance pay, reductions of hours, wage increases, price reductions and profit-sharing are all among the proposals advanced by these unions.

As a whole, organized labor recognizes the futility of trying to stop technological innovation. Responsible leaders remember the classic example of the Cigar Makers' Union when it fought the specialization of the hand worker and, later, the introduction of cigar-making machines. The union lost almost 50 per cent of its members in this struggle during a period when the number of workers in the industry increased by 10 per cent. The union has ceased to exist as an important factor in the industry. The National Window Glass Workers had a like experience; they fought the introduction of machines from 1908 to 1927, when they finally disbanded. Rather than outright opposition to technological change, the labor movement is committed to finding ways to cushion its adverse effects.

The most urgent need of the labor movement is to find ways to organize the white-collar, technical and professional workers who are rapidly replacing the present union membership. Unless this is done, and done soon, there may not be many other problems to be worried about, or much union strength to worry about them.

ARE HOUSEWIVES NECESSARY? . . *by Eve Merriam*

THE latest U.S. labor bulletins report another increase in the number of working mothers. As gadgets take over so many of the old housewifely functions, more and more women need to be home less and less. The automatic timer can mind the stew-pot. Irons convert to ivy-holders as wrinkle-shed fabrics improve. The children grow up and go off to school, and mother does not want to be left presiding over a ghost town. Clearly, staying home full-time is no fit occupation for a full-grown woman.

What is surprising is not that so many housewives leave home, but that 50 per cent of them prefer to remain housewives. Is home the most human place for mother to be? Is it best for family life that she be there?

Agnes Meyer, keynoting a vocational conference at Barnard College, notes that by the time most women reach their middle thirties, their nursemaid and domestic functions are no longer essential. Reminding her audience that the average life expectancy of women is now seventy-two years, she asks: "Now, what are you going to do for the remaining forty years of your life?"

We have only to glance at the housewives on our block to observe with Mrs. Meyer that "there is a greater waste of womanpower in this country than in any other." We see these housewives' energies drained

EVE MERRIAM is at work on a study of prevailing myths about the sexes (see her article, "The Matriarchal Myth," in The Nation *of Nov. 8, 1958). Her latest book is a collection of poems,* The Double Bed.

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by unproductive chores without even benefit of pay check, and we see their leisure hours played out in mean-sized, nibbling fashion. They trundle along, feeling rather like a superfluous wheel on the roll-away vacuum cleaner.

But what about the children's emotional needs? Mothers should be prepared to sacrifice their own well-being for the sake of the family.

It appears that total housewifery is no better for the children than it is for mother. Professor Ivan Nye of Bucknell gives the results of his seven-year study of the subject: thousands of junior high and high school students in Michigan prefer that mother not be so available. Staying home all the time, she is too prone to live vicariously through her offspring. They feel that she tends to pry over-much into their affairs, and they are not permitted to exercise independent judgments. The study concludes that mothers who work part-time make the best parent-adolescent adjustment. This is one study, and Michigan does not represent the entire state of the nation to be sure, but it is definitely part of the union.

If the housewife's functions have been displaced, and if her own interests and the children's do not require her to stay put, then why is she still behind the kitchen curtain?

THERE IS one more member of the family to consider: her husband. Dancer Agnes De Mille claims that he is the culprit. It is his old-fashioned, male supremacy that is keeping so many women from fulfilling themselves. She argues that so long as he remains the sole provider, he can be the selfish ruler of the roost.

I think that this is a gross feminist distortion. Most men are relieved to have their wives share the burden of support; and they do not feel castrated by the competition of another grown-sized personality in the household. Of course, male supremacy does exist (along with its less-effectual feminine counterpart), but the hostilities marked His and Hers are merely embroidery on the fabric underneath.

Technologically, there is no reason for so many women to stay home. Ideologically, however, there is every reason under the capitalist sun. There are simply not enough jobs to go around.

During the war, it was a different story. Then women were needed to power the production line. And in many cases, child-care centers and family-aid services were provided by government and even by private industry. Today, our national needs are different. Our economy is booming, but it is not so booming that it has a place for all the housewives who are ready, willing and able to leave home. Household automation has released mothers for work; unfortunately, automation in industry is releasing fathers from work. And where private production for private profit continues to be the main item on the agenda, there cannot be much left over for public works that might benefit all members of the human community.

As for part-time jobs, they would accommodate best to women's family responsibilities, but not to private industry's requirements. Where private profit has to come first, can the individual's welfare be far behind? The answer is Very.

WE'VE GOT to convince women all over again that their place is in the home, because frankly we haven't much room in any other place for them. One of the first acts of the incoming Eisenhower Administration was to eliminate the Women's Bureau in the Department of Labor. Child care, health and welfare were all lumped together in one agency—with a reduced appropriation.

This past year, *Charm*, the lone publication that offered itself as "the magazine for women who work," dropped the identification from its masthead and is now concentrating on fashion, home furnishings and food.

We're treading back, but we've got to do it in such a way that we don't step too hard on women's sensitive toes. For the system can continue satisfactorily only so long as we have satisfied customers for it. Now if we can just make the little lady happy at home — ! It's a challenge to the genius of American inventiveness to convince her that her dispensable household services are truly indispensable.

We're going to get her to enact the myth of the necessary housewife. Certain approaches have already been tried — without much success. Hal Borland proclaimed in his syndicated column that "the greatest woman in history is — the American housewife." Not content with this one perfect flower of a remark, Br. Borland went on to gild it:

> . . . But too often she has an inferiority complex. At cocktail parties, particularly if there are career women present, she is likely to murmur when introduced, "Oh, I'm nobody. I don't do anything. I'm just a housewife." Actually, of course, she is proud of being a housewife. But she feels that nobody else thinks her job is either important or thrilling. Too often she is right. I don't deny myself that the shop talk of wives is not always as interesting as the reminiscences of actresses or lady wrestlers. But few professional career women live a life one-half as exciting or satisfying as that of the ordinary housewife. Motherhood, the art of raising children, is an endless drama, a ceaseless adventure.

Life dubs the housewife a "home executive," a "household engineer." A pretty word-picture was painted of her running her mechanical aids the way a captain of industry runs his empire. The picture didn't take. "A housewife is a housewife is a non-essential," she complained.

Madison Avenue then tried plumbing the depths. On the conscious level, the housewife thinks of herself as a vestigial appendix; but what about her inner, deeper emotions? A double-spread advertisement for Acrilan shows a young woman dreaming, with clothes-basket in hand. "She hates her title of housewife," confides the copy, "but loves her job." Nice try, but no cash registers ring, as it turns out that her subconscious is in cahoots with her conscious.

These females are a stubborn lot. No longer content with a gift from the sea, they want to realize their own gifts here on land. They are cold to the warm prose-poetry of Jessamyn West, who confides in her journal: "I love the motions of sweeping, the push and swoop of

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body and arms, as much as I love shining floors. Is there anything more beautiful than a room you have cleaned yourself? A shining, harmonious light-filled and light-reflecting room, made that way by your own dance with a broomstick?" All very well for her to carry on, they reflect sourly, while she's broomless in Hollywood, making a movie out of the novel she's written. Just let her try that push-and-swoop bit all year round; she'd soon want an electric sweeper.

The National Broom Association responds more enthusiastically, noting that "the busy homemaker, rushing uneasily about, goading her automatic servants into doing their duties, finds little time for idle daydreaming," and they suggest switching once in a while to the sweet silence of dust and a broom "which does not whirr, put-put or clang." Unfortunately, they are selling brooms, not buying them. Ah! says the inelegant homemaker, they must have an overstock of brooms. Really, gracious living is hard put these days.

Well, let's appeal to her patriotism. Your country needs you. Now don't get excited and start changing from your housecoat into something more practical; we don't mean for you to go *out* to work. Stay right here indoors, because there's nothing wrong with our economy that a full-blooded housewife can't fix. As household-products manufacturer Howard S. Cohoon of Jackson, Missouri, recently explained to the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, "If homemakers loosened their purse strings to buy now what they needed and could afford, the country would be headed back to prosperity." In appreciation of this instant-mix solution, the federation presented him with an award — the first to a man — for "promoting the best interests of American homemakers."

It is precisely here that we have a clue to the housewife's essential role. Consumer spending accounts for nearly two-thirds of all purchases in the country. Close to two million tubes of beauty products are sold every week, and we've got to go on selling them next week and the week after next. There has to be a maw to cram all these products into, and Mrs. Total Housewife can provide it. As our Number One, all-purpose, conspicuous consumer, the full-time housewife is not the queen mother of our economy. She is the patsy.

She is the lucky little lady on whom we unload our products. And as we can't dump the stuff onto Iraq and other unmentionable areas any more, and as the blanked-out areas increase, she becomes ever more vital to our way of life. It is all very well for Henry Dreyfus to sneer that "the American housewife is nothing but a gadget-minded mammal." Without her, his income would be a lot less. Where does he think he's designing, anyway? Where obsolescence is the only thing planned in our economy, we need the myth of the necessary housewife to help us plan it better.

Let her use soap powder: that leaves a messy ring around the glassware. Then let her use detergent to take away that messy ring. Then, because some detergents have a tendency to remove the ring-finger quite messily from her hand, she can use soft, harshless, lanolized liquid Joy.

IS THE housewife necessary? She's an absolute must for Arthur Godfrey and his tea-bags. Somebody's got to stay home and listen to the *Story of Helen Kent, Girl Woman*, and somebody's got to have the time on her hands to go to the stores and

turn in all the coupons and box-tops. Somebody's got to peruse the silverware patterns and decide between lovely, wistful Wisteria and dramatic, dynamic Dahlia. Somebody's got to sample the fifty-nine varieties of the same basic formula.

The housewife's task is not to be a loving helpmeet, a ministering nurse in time of trouble; we've got Band-Aids in stars and stripes for that. Her job—and it takes energy and staying power—is to keep pushing so that more products can be disposed of. The era of *Craig's Wife* is gone, thank heavens; lay off that compulsive dusting, lay on the compulsive consuming. Our prize-winning delineation comes from the pen of Sales Products, Inc., where the wives of men selling kitchen appliances are told how to behave. "Please check one: I will (help) (assist) (push) (shove) my husband to surpass this month's sales quota." Another firm, specializing in ethical [sic] drugs, offers a playlet to be enacted at home, take it Stanislavsky or straight. "Gee, honey," says the husband, "I wish I knew how to win some of those bonuses the company is offering." Pause. The wife then answers quietly, "Yes, dear? I think I know how you can." Coming closer to him, she advises, "Get in there and sell — *sell* — SELL!"

Behind the myth of the necessary housewife stands the fact of our needy economy.

STILL, OUR guardians toss uneasily in their Rest-Ezy beds. True, we have more housewives than any other country in the world, but all of us would sleep a lot better if we had them under lock and key. For even with all the obstacles put in their way, more and more of them keep trying to slip out into the fresh air of productive activity. So let's scare them into staying home by bringing on the old guilt complex. Do you see all the juvenile delinquency? And do you see all the divorces? And do you know who is responsible for the Disintegration of Family Life? The runaway housewife, that's who. So now you won't try slinking out any more, will you?

Staying home, of course, doesn't solve anything. Harrison Salisbury

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points out in *The Shook-Up Generation* that juvenile delinquency in middle-class homes and in suburban areas is rising steeply. It is in exactly such homes that we find the greatest number of full-time housewives. Obviously, the presence of mother alone is not enough to protect, as her absence alone is not enough to neglect. Juvenile delinquency is more closely aligned with the trigger of the H-bomb than with mother's tight or loose pull on the apron strings — and the threat of the H-bomb is merely one in a long, disturbing list of relationships. The many problems we have to face about delinquency and divorce cannot be fully confronted until we have a complete examination and overhaul of our entire family structure, which would mean an examination and possible overhaul of the whole social structure and economic system it is hitched to — and we're in no mood to shake up that.

Meanwhile, stay home, Americaness. So what if juvenile delinquency is increasing in homes where mother is right there on the spot? Well, but look at it this way. Junior is merely shoving other people's grandmas down the stairs. If you don't remain a full-time mother-consumer, he'll shove his own grandma down. Things are never so bad that they can't become worse.

THE MYTH of the necessary housewife stretches out for all the years of her life. She's got to stay put where the pre-teens can find her, the teens, and even the post-teens. For now that so many young people marry while they're still in college (and some in high school) and can't afford to set up housekeeping on their own, they keep right on being mother's responsibility and requiring her radar eye until she's a built-in, baby-sitting grandmother.

Thus the woman who walks out of full-time housewifery is forsaking generations to come. Such a lurid picture is presented of abandoned children, unattended husbands, cold suppers and uncleaned ashtrays that the load stacked into the emotional dishwasher is too much to take. Accustomed as she is to being the patsy, sometimes it gets to be too much even for her culpable shoulders and she breaks down. It is the housewife more than the working woman who is smoking more, drinking more, having more extra-marital affairs, developing ulcers and other ailments previously uncommon to women. Small wonder, since so many problems of the community are blamed on her: from the lay-offs in the automobile industry to the rise of the communes in China. If she were *enjoying* staying home, these things would not be happening.

No Superman could cope individually with what she is asked to do. The problems of the family are the problems of our national family. There can be no simple-minded solution labeled "Mother." But, we've appointed her as the blamee, and so long as she accepts the blame, she *is* behaving irresponsibly. Until she points the finger of *J'accuse* in the proper direction, the myth of the necessary housewife will go on inflating. It is easy to blow up, because it is designed expressly for that purpose.

UNLIKE OTHER myths, this one is brand new, because no society before was ever in a position to waste one-quarter of its adult population. The notion that women throughout earlier periods of history were full-time consumer-mothers is part of the myth. At one time, women had socially necessary work to do in the household. Furthermore, the family pattern was not an isolated one such as ours; it was an extended grouping in which the role of "mother" was shared by older children, aunts, grandmothers, cousins—and fathers, grandfathers, uncles and male cousins as well. In addition, in more instances than we think, there were slaves, nursemaids and tutors sharing the responsibility and concern for the children's upbringing.

The situation of the single family with a single mother-figure as protector, guide, be-all and end-all is a contemporary phenomenon most common in a single country — ours. In the light of past and future history, it may come to be viewed as a passing phase, taking its long-range place along with the hula hoop and the sack dress.

Until then, the myth of the necessary housewife goes on making mischief for unwillingly idle hands. The negative image of the delinquent, runaway mother is what we are given to develop. So insidious is the myth that even those in a position to know better speak up but faintly. The recently published national manpower report from Columbia University, *Work in the Lives of Married Women*, is an important and valuable document. The educators and sociologists contributing to it are all on the side of family and individual welfare, and their sympathies are with the working mother. Yet they are forced to bow before the myth. They assert: "There is no doubt that many families pay a penalty if the wife works. Such children not only need the mother at home when the child is, but they need also the security of knowing she is there even when the child is not." (What manufacturer of time-saving and labor-saving devices could ask for sweeter territory to move in on?) The report states further that "The results for the children will be on the positive side only if the mother derives some satisfaction out of working, and if her relationships with the children have consistency, affection, warmth and understanding."

It is interesting that such high demands are not put upon the full-time housewife. Like the Negro and the Jew, the working mother must be of gold in order to pass for silver. However, seeing the rising tide of working mothers all about, the report declares that "in addition to their roles of wives and mothers, some women need to enter other fields of activity for complete satisfaction."

Some women indeed need to enter fields of activity beyond the household. They need to extend their horizons into social and political realms for their own mental health and well-being, for their family's, and for the nation's; and these many women, and more, are needed to share the world's burdens thoughtfully with men. As such women and men move forward, the myth of the necessary housewife will fall back to the rear where it belongs.

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The Promise of the Blue Eagle

THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Company. 669 pp. $6.75.

George Dangerfield

THE exhilarating arrival of the New Deal; its introduction to the public at large of so many able, energetic, controversial, eccentric and brilliant figures; its vitality; the dramatic, visible, audible gallantry of the President himself — all of these are here, as might be expected. Schlesinger's previous books assure the reader in advance that the personalities behind those names once so familiar — Roosevelt, Wallace, Ickes, Johnson, Tugwell, Hopkins, Richberg, Perkins, Morgenthau, Douglas and all — will be brilliantly presented. The author is a master of historical characterization, which is, to be sure, the easiest kind of writing if one has a flair for it; he is also good at narrative, at compressing dense and resisting material into a formal and intelligible sequence, and that is by no means so easy.

Readability is important, literary skill is valuable; but history has been known to get along without either. What matters, obviously and finally, is the author's interpretation of the New Deal as a transforming force. The present volume deals chiefly with the years 1933 and 1934, when the New Deal was in its first phase, still searching in all directions for possible solutions, not yet in open conflict with the Court. Here a reviewer is in some difficulty: this is a work in progress, and in his final evaluation the author may well modify his conclusions on any phase of the Age of Roosevelt in terms of its relation to the period as a whole. So far Schlesinger appears to take the conventional view that the New Deal at this stage should be judged as much by its promises as by its performances; and that the more questionable of its performances — the National Recovery Administration is the most obvious of them — are to be examined by the light of the promises contained in them. I see no reason to cavil at this view: to be conventional in these days sometimes requires a strong mind.

But what were the promises? Here one is obliged to do a little guessing. *The Coming of the New Deal* implies that the New Deal did not at any time hold out the promise of a radical reorganization. It might have done so. In all our history, no reforming party had hitherto come to power at a time of economic collapse. But the legislation exacted from an obedient Congress during the Hundred Days, though profuse and exciting, could all be traced back to precedents in American history. What was breath-taking was the speed and the scope of the performance. There followed a long search for the restoration of Demand — of consumers' purchasing power — and this gave the opposition time to shake itself back into what might be called respectable shape.

Sackcloth is not a robe banking and business wear with pleasure, still less with distinction; and the season of repentance was brief. Once it was over, the old ritualistic cries, the mating calls of sterile ideas, were heard again: back to the gold standard — a balanced budget — economy in government — hands off business. It was not here, however, that the really dangerous criticism lay. The really dangerous criticism was directed toward the relief aspects of the emerging program. At its most strident, this criticism sounds absurd today; it did not sound absurd then: such is the abyss which the New Deal has dug between the present and the immediate past.

> When someone asked him about homeless boys riding the rails in search of employment, Henry Ford said equably, "Why, it's the best education in the world for those boys, that traveling around. They get more experience in a few months than they would in years at school." Even a liberal businessman like Robert E. Woods of Sears, Roebuck could identify relief as the New Deal's "one serious mistake." "While it is probably true that we cannot allow everyone to starve (although I personally disagree with this philosophy of the city social worker)," Wood wrote, "we should tighten up relief all along the line. . . . "

The old equation between starvation and genius, or that infinite capacity for taking pains which was sometimes held to have something to do with genius, was handily transferred to the economic scene and easily related to national character. For the federal government to save people from starvation and intolerable anxiety was to destroy initiative, and so on and so forth. One need not trouble oneself with these primitive cries, uttered by comic millionaires who went to the Translux to hiss Roosevelt. Submarginal living might produce an Andrew Carnegie or a Jack Dempsey; the whole experience of America said that it had never, for example, produced a good farmer. What is significant is that this kind of thinking was not confined to primitive minds; men like Hopkins were troubled by it; the President was too. What is important is that these men never succumbed to their uneasiness.

INDEED, the later criticism that Roosevelt was an "enemy to his class" was only superficially (if savagely) concerned with banking reform or civilizing the Stock Exchange or soaking the rich: it was always directed toward the objectives for which the rich were being soaked. The rich, in any case, were not Roosevelt's class, though he had lived with them all his life and had little respect and certainly no veneration for them: he belonged to the Hudson River squirearchy. Far back in the past of this squirearchy there was a tradition of scientific farming and quasi-feudal landowning; so that Roosevelt's soil conservation program, in the history of which he was deeply read, did not spring only from the example of his cousin T. R.; it was quite in the tradition of the Hudson River squires. What was not in this tradition was his concern for the people who lived on the soil. And this concern, which proclaimed him a traitor to his class and which was odious to the rich who were not of his class, did not come so easily as regards the urban unemployed, whose lives could not be touched by the rehabilitation of TVA. It is of the first importance, in contemplating the changes which took place within the first New Deal, to consider that, in 1933 and 1934, it may have been difficult even for men of good will to rid themselves of the notion that there was something debilitating, something anti-historical (i.e., anti-American) about the welfare state.

Ultimately, when all the debates had

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taken place between men of conflicting philosophies inside and outside the Administration, it was the President who decided what should be the nature and speed of the New Deal. Schlesinger here takes the administrative view and, with all the limitations which such a view implies, it is the correct one: what greater, unadmitted and unrecognized pressures dictated the President's decisions we are unlikely ever to know. His direction of events is naturally best observed in the field of foreign relations, where Presidents traditionally have a free hand; and here the story of the London Economic Conference of 1933 is full of interest.

Schlesinger admits that Roosevelt's handling of this conference was "deplorable"; but, to simplify an argument which he refrains from making very complex, he sees the issues involved in these terms. On the one hand, there were the gold countries, intent upon stabilizing the exchanges and restoring the gold standard; on the other hand, there was Roosevelt's determination that nothing should hinder America's drive for recovery. At the same time the author says, rather casually, that Roosevelt did think about the possible synchronization of world spending, with a view to raising world prices. In this way, he could be said to have favored a policy of international cooperation: one could discover, lurking in the recesses of his being, a personage who resembled a Wilsonian internationalist.

The conference was, no doubt, doomed from the start: yet Roosevelt's wrecking of the conference, a deliberate act if ever there was one, does suggest that at this time he was an isolationist. The Johnson Act of 1934 almost, if not quite, hardens the suggestion into a certainty. Not that there was, at this period, anything incompatible between isolationism and old-fashioned progressivism. First things first as a national policy — at least until 1936 when Hitler re-occupied the Rhineland and Franco started his insurrection — had merit, considering what Schlesinger calls the "controlling realities," and chief among the controlling realities was America's desperate need for recovery. First things first was light years away from "America First." But Schlesinger's interpretation of Hull's tariff policies in terms of "the triumph of reciprocity" is not too persuasive. In short, it is difficult to see the New Deal in its heyday as anything but isolationist: part of the fascination of Roosevelt is his ability to change, even gradually, even if it took a war situation to change him and, incidentally, to rescue the New Deal.

A similar gradualism can be seen in Roosevelt's attitude toward NRA. Just as, at the beginning of the Hundred Days, he refrained from nationalizing the banking system, so on this larger industrial scene he persisted in the belief that recovery could be achieved through a partnership between business and government: the result was the big-business formula of scarcity and high prices. It took him some time to realize all this, and he might not have realized it as soon as he did if the Court had not ably assisted him by striking down NRA. In the same conspectus one may place his attitude toward organized labor. "He sympathized with organized labor more out of a reaction against employer primitivism than as necessarily a hopeful new development in itself. . . . Neither politically nor intellectually was the New Deal much interested in the labor movement during Roosevelt's first years." The elements necessary for a change of thinking were all there, and specifically in clause 7a of the National Industrial Recovery Act: they had not yet come together in the President's mind.

IN THE extraordinary ferment of the first Administration, and of Roosevelt's own mind, it is not surprising that so much that was cautious and conservative should have been found side by side with so much that was experimental, pragmatic and progressive. The promises of the first New Deal, like the performances of the second, can be interpreted in terms of a conflict between reform and recovery. Roosevelt only hinted at really basic reforms of the capitalist state: he was interested in the practical means and the logical consequences of recovery. That is to say, he tried to impose upon the repellent features of the capitalist state, as he found them, the benign image of the welfare state. He did not succeed wholly; but to the extent that the image has become ineffaceable, he succeeded magnificently.

This conflict was partly responsible for the administrative confusion of the New Deal; and *The Coming of the New Deal* stresses, very rightly I think, the question of Roosevelt as an administrator. He could be called a very poor administrator or an artist in administration; poor because he was wasteful; an artist because he was flexible. He believed in bringing into his government men of all kinds of economic and political beliefs: in this sense his Administration was one prolonged debate; but the debate was so arranged that the best information was made available to him and the last word was left with him. He had himself no discernible philosophy; he knew how to put conflicting philosophies to work. In the extraordinary chaos of temporary agencies, which so often overlapped or even nullified one another, he maintained, somehow or other, some kind of posi-

Summer Place

I think of that summer place where the catalpa flowers
were chock with sun,
Tree-full, leaf-lifted over the low roof until they
were stormed to the grass;
They lay like a spendthrift of gnomish orchids surfed
from a world too small for us to see.

We walked on them. We observed in a day their brown-vein
stain. Shriveled, they were gone soon
With all such flakes of light that make May and June so
far from bean-stretching August
Wherein we can better remember — do begin to remember —
October, December, can never June or May.

We were young then. Summer did not go by — it stood huge
on the house and in the fields
As if, despite our remembrance, an unbudgeable heat held
us; and in water-scented nights
For its brief relenting we danced our stripped-down
dances beneath the black plaques of the tree.

But it did go. Fall flew us away. We were confused with
seasons, are chilled by so many years.
I imagine the house now as I never saw it at all:
stark in leafless light and weathered shutters locked,
The crackling sound of someone walking across the crinkled
pods strewn on the ground.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

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tive direction. His way of pitting one man against another, of leaving everyone uncertain as to the security of his position in the government, of subjecting people to a sadistic teasing, kept his advisers on their toes; just as his warmth and his charm held them together.

It was a personal triumph, and the personality behind was complex and baffling. Schlesinger, going back to Archilochus' distinction between hedgehog and fox, says that Roosevelt was all fox. He was devious, evasive, at times untruthful. Not even his intimates could be sure that they knew anything about him; there was, at the heart of the labyrinth, a solitary reserve which could not be entered. Schlesinger believes, however, that "one cannot exhaust the Roosevelt mystery by saying that he was complicated . . . he was complicated everywhere except in his heart of hearts." In his heart of hearts lay a simple, a rather naive idealism.

It was certainly this which the public sensed, or that majority of the public which listened to him with pleasure and voted for him without pain. It was because of his idealism, not in spite of it, that Roosevelt was able to dramatize so successfully one great constitutional event — the transformation of the Presidency from an organ of government into an influence which should pervade every corner of the national life. If we had not experienced the immanence of a Roosevelt, we might not today feel so crippled by the remoteness of an Eisenhower.

History is, in one sense, a translation. It takes the complex of the past and carries it across — makes it understandable — to those who think and live in the complex of the present. Obviously, it is an incomplete translation at best. There is a good deal in the past that is too idiomatic for a successful rendering, and a good deal more that is simply irrecoverable. Nor can any single work give more than a fragment of what *is* recoverable. I don't see much virtue in criticizing a book for not being what its author never intended it to be. One could remark on the absence of any intellectual history in this work; but then that may come, and presumably will come, in a later volume. What is more serious is the relative poverty of its social history — we are left with a very indistinct idea of the condition of the people under the first New Deal. But that would require another kind of book. *The Coming of the New Deal* presents an administrative and political study: not a close analysis of economic theory and political philosophy, but a detailed exposition of theory and philosophy being put to work during a highly critical period. As such it is a powerful, a memorable, an important book.

Freud's Riddle: A Speculation

SIGMUND FREUD AND THE JEWISH MYSTICAL TRADITION. By David Bakan. D. Van Nostrand Co. 326 pp. $5.50.

Richard M. Jones

AT THE AGE of thirty-five Sigmund Freud was a struggling, very intelligent physician, showing no signs that his fantasies of immortality were anything he would put his trust in. At thirty-six he began to emerge as an intellectual colossus seriously bent on re-shaping Humanity's understanding of Itself. At his death "the psychoanalytic movement" had intimately changed the orientations of the social sciences, the arts, history, commerce, politics, education and religion — not to mention medicine, which had all along provided convenient cover.

Great ideas simply do not spout from even the nimblest of minds without their being traceable to some up-seeping cultural reservoir. But in Freud's case the tracing has not been easy. He, himself, warned that his biographers would fail to explain his transformation by reviewing his professional training — a warning which only intensifies the mystery, for why this provocative half-silence on the subject?

David Bakan proposes a solution to the mystery by way of recalling that Freud was a Jew. With a clearly practiced eye, Bakan locates in the backyard of Judaism just such a suggestive touchstone as could have enabled Freud to turn what he sometimes called "my own private dung-heap" into a new science. An underground movement had long ago evolved among the Jews which held that, Moses to the contrary, every man was his own law-giving Torah, to be read on the screen of his own personal meditations on the Book. The Kabbalistic movement, as it was called, would arouse no special interest — simply anticipating as it did the Jewish version of the Reformation — were it not that it never shook itself free from certain mystical practices; and were it not that those practices — minus the Torah — would be identified today, for all the world, as psychoanalysis. So runs the not-too-subtle innuendo by which the author of this dramatic though scholarly book endeavors to bridge a hitherto implausible gap in the history of ideas.

The Kabbalists, notes Bakan, had developed the assumptions that the face value of human expressions is never its full value; that conscious awareness is but a sample of the subterranean psychic treasures that lurk beneath; that slips of the tongue, plays on words, dreams, and fantasies are all to be accorded the respect due immediate thresholds to wisdom. One was not to *reason* what was meant by this or that scriptural text. One was rather to employ such methods as "skipping and jumping": allowing the mind to wander freely from randomly selected phrases into whatever reaches of one's own personal experiences it was bent. The real meaning of the scriptures was then to be intuitively culled from these associative wanderings, with a kind of third ear. The greatest obstacles to the success of the exercise were expected to arise from one's own conscience. Because of its devious ways, conventional morality was never to be challenged alone but only in the confidential company of a practiced elder who knew its tactics.

BEGINNING around the twelfth century the tradition found certain particularly gifted Kabbalists recording accumulations of truths for future generations. And here we find, carefully documented, the discovery of the uncanny power of sexual imagery as a metaphorical wedge to the underlying meanings of imagery in general; a preoccupation with the problem of incest; and a profound appreciation of the life-shaping significance of childhood experiences—most especially of what Freud was later to name the "family romance" or "oedipal" situation.

Nowhere in Freud does Bakan find a direct reference to the Kabbala (although, without raising a rumpus about it, he complains he was denied access to those unpublished documents most likely to contain such a reference). It must therefore remain an open question whether psychoanalysis does indeed represent an obscured secularization of the Kabbala. Bakan seems to believe that it does, although he is at pains to underscore the deductive nature of his brief: We are reminded that Freud spent

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his whole life in a virtual ghetto, that his immediate forebears, and those of his wife, came from districts particularly dominated by the mystical impulse, that he could not have been unacquainted with the weekly preachings in Vienna of the great Rabbi Jellinek, a student of Kabbala, who was eventually succeeded by a friend of Freud. We are permitted to eavesdrop at a meeting of Freud's inner circle, held in protest against his nomination of the Swiss Jung as permanent president of the International Psychoanalytic Congress, where he is alleged to have told the faithful: "Most of you are Jews, and therefore you are incompetent to win friends for the new teaching. Jews must be content with the modest role of preparing the ground. It is absolutely essential that I should form ties in the world of general science. I am getting on in years, and am weary of being perpetually attacked. . . . The Swiss will save us. . . ." And it is brought to our attention that Freud chose the name DORA as a pseudonym for his first published case, and in a later work, underscored the fact that the Hebrew "d" is interchangeable with "t" — (TORA-H?).

Freud's possible motive for obscuring the Judaic roots of his ideas is obvious. Public acceptance of professional psychoanalysis was touch and go. To have permitted the moral indignation which he anticipated to become allied with anti-Semitism would have been to invite obscurity of another kind.

IF ONE can assume with Bakan that Freud *did* know of the Kabbala, and that the nuclear ideas of psychoanalysis *are* secularizations of Kabbalistic doctrine, and that the connection *was* dissembled for diplomacy's sake, then one is led to wonder how the man who labored so intently in defense of historical integrity in individuals could have kept such a secret to his own grave. Bakan's answer is that he did not; that he subtly revealed his secret where he himself had discovered a man's secrets are always subtly revealed: inside his enigmas. Accordingly, an analytic sight is set on Freud's last monograph, *Moses and Monotheism*, which has stood from its first publication as the sphinx of psychoanalytic literature.

The book's dual thesis has it that Moses was a gentile, and that he was justly murdered by the Jews because of this deception. Neither of these positions can stand the test of even cursory historical research as literal theses; both were most soundly debunked by their own author, while he nonetheless arbitrarily concluded them to be literally true. It is only its typically impeccable prose and the characteristic pungence of its self-criticism that have deterred scholars from judging the work a product of a deteriorating mind.

If the *Moses* is not a product of senility, reasons Bakan, and if nevertheless it makes no sense, it becomes then a fit object for the psychoanalytic method. From this point of view, that Moses was a gentile, far from being a literal historical thesis, becomes a wishful symbolic reflection of Freud's own self-image. Was he not, as the creator of psychoanalysis, the arch-Kabbalist and final murderer of Moses? Had he not discovered the Mosaic law to be the ultimate cause of repression and neurosis, as had the Kabbalists in another language? And had he not also seen that it was the Christians' ambivalent adoption of Mosaic law that periodically marked his people out to be vengefully exterminated by those whose hate-sharpened vision regularly found the source of society's woes? Buchenwald, however, a going concern when Freud was writing this book, becomes a revoltingly poor joke — if Moses had after all not even been a Jew. And that Moses be killed by the Jews, and Jew and gentile alike be thus freed from blindly honoring father- and mother-images — what is this but an antedated allegory of the whole psychoanalytic movement as Freud conceived it?

If Bakan's analysis is correct, and it increases this reviewer's appreciation of the concert of thought to believe that it is, an intriguing question remains: Was the *Moses* a natural or a contrived enigma? Was Freud, of all people, unaware of his own mental wellspring, or did he *design* his last work for the purpose of revealing his secret to scholars of a less prejudiced day?

Pool of Desperation

KING MOB. The Story of Lord George Gordon and the London Riots of 1780. By Christopher Hibbert. World Publishing Co. 249 pp. $4.95.

THE ROAD TO TYBURN. The Story of Jack Sheppard and the 18th Century London Underworld. By Christopher Hibbert. World Publishing Co. 251 pp. $4.95.

ENGLISH PEOPLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Dorothy Marshall. Longmans, Green & Co. 282 pp. $6.75.

W. S. Merwin

OF THESE three books, *King Mob* is the occasion for mentioning the other two. Strictly speaking, neither *The Road to Tyburn* nor *English People in the Eighteenth Century* is new, since neither was published in the last year. But the events described in Mr. Hibbert's two works straddle the century so neatly—Jack Sheppard was hanged in 1724, the Gordon Riots broke out in 1780—that they gain in interest when viewed together; and both stories acquire perspective against the background of a good recent social history of the eighteenth century, such as Dorothy Marshall's.

And the books have something else in common: each provides a glimpse of the broad pool of desperation turning at the center of the Age of Reason. It is probably this element in it, as much as anything else, which often makes the eighteenth century seem curiously and specially familiar to us. None of these books, least of all Miss Marshall's, sets out to depict the desperation of the age directly. But it is impossible to describe in detail the social structure of the century without affording some view of its peculiar unrest, and of the parts of that society—both the miserable poor and the wretched rich—which had little to lose and were growing continually more aware of it. In Mr. Hibbert's books certain features of this desperation are in the foreground: the mob is a projection of it; Lord George Gordon, breathlessly reasoning and as breathlessly irrational, is one of its few deliberate champions. And both he and Jack Sheppard figure among its many martyrs.

"Three great Curiosities as this Town at present affords," an observer in London remarked in 1780, were "viz: The two young Lyons stuff'd at the tower; the Ostrich on Ludgate Hill; and the famous John Sheppard in Newgate." Newgate Prison, even in the eighteenth century when smells had to stand up to be noticed at all, was famous for its stench; the jailers charged four shillings a head for a stare at Sheppard, and still his drawing power was such that, more than a week before the date fixed for his hanging, a journalist noted, " 'Tis thought the Keepers of Newgate have got 200 pounds already by the crowds of people who flock daily to see Sheppard." What they saw (Mr. Hibbert includes a

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portrait and a sketch, both by Thornhill, of that sad small face) was a slight person, hardly above five feet four if he had been standing, but he was pinned and laden by irons weighing some 300 pounds; he was twenty-two years old and looked younger, with delicate features, large, clear, wide-set, intelligent eyes, and a gentle, wistful cast to his face when it was not quickened by flashes of humor.

He had been arrested for burglary, convicted largely as a result of Jonathan Wild's sinister organization of the London underworld, and Wild's jealous abhorrence of anything like free-lance crime. He had made four spectacular escapes, including one from the Condemned Hold of Newgate and one from the "Castle" of the same prison, which until then had been considered escape-proof. And having made this final escape, when sentence of death had already been passed on him, some sense of fatality apparently had got the better of him. For after fleeing no farther than Tottenham (now a part of the metropolis) he had returned disguised as a beggar, had gradually abandoned caution entirely, stolen a suit of fine clothes and flaunted himself in them recklessly at tavern after tavern until—with a large reward offered for his recapture—the inevitable had happened, and he had been carted back to Newgate in a closed carriage.

His desperation, or whatever it was that impelled him to such dramatic and hopeless rashness, was echoed pathetically fifty-six years later during the Gordon Riots. Then, in the summer of 1780, the mobs stormed, entered and burned all of the prisons of London except the New Gaol, and released the convicts. Collections were taken up for the prisoners. And yet hundreds of them, terrified, maddened, or simply bewildered by their sudden liberty, many of them no doubt half demented by misery and imprisonment, stood around the flames hopelessly waiting to be received back into the prisons which they had just left.

THE crowds that evolved into these mobs, which in turn lashed themselves up into the most horrendous riots in English history, had assembled peaceably to march across London to Parliament, carrying an enormous petition for the repeal of the Catholic Relief Act. The petitioners' particular grudge against Catholics (a grudge which they shared with a great part of the population at the time) stemmed partly from competition with cheap Irish labor which had been flooding the labor market; but it was religious—and superstitious—as well. Lord George Gordon, who headed the Protestant Association and presented the petition in Parliament, obviously did not foresee and certainly did not desire the violent turn which events took. But so large a crowd, assembled in the cause of an overt grievance, was a fairly dangerous concoction in eighteenth-century London. The crowd gradually drew to itself a disreputable element—London could provide one with prodigal facility—and as it did so the more law-abiding petitioners withdrew in disgust and went home. By the evening the character of the assembly had changed, and so had its mood. The cry was "No Popery," but under this specific head a great deal of diffuse inflammation was gathering. That night a mob fired the chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, in Duke Street, and the riots were on.

Before they were brought under control, or spent themselves, nearly a week later, the destruction of property had reached immense proportions; it seemed at one point that the Great Fire would be repeated and that London would be burned out entirely. Troops were brought into the city in large numbers, but it was several days before anyone would take the responsibility of ordering them to fire on the mobs. Chapels, houses and carriages of Catholics and of personages rumored to be pro-Catholic, were burned; the most spectacular single storming, apart from the assaults on the prisons themselves, occurred in Langdale's distillery, where the assailants drank raw gin from casks, from hats, from any receptacle they could find, lapped it up as it ran between the cobbles—and where many got so drunk in the cellar that they were burned to death in the collapsing building.

In the end, on the government's admission, 285 people were killed by the soldiers and 173 were wounded; dozens of bodies were tipped into the Thames and piles of corpses lay in the streets; it is estimated that there were at least 850 dead as a result of the riots, including those sentenced to death as rioters and instigators. Many reports had told of well-dressed gentlemen leading groups of rioters, and the government was eager to discover and punish certain "very great people" whom some believed to be "at the bottom of the riots." Benjamin Franklin, American infiltration, French influence, all were blamed. But finally it was "a pathetic motley" who were hanged for their part in the riots: ". . . two gypsies, a West Indian slave, a demented cross-eyed beggar, three abcess-covered climbing boys, and a Negro prostitute."

LORD GEORGE GORDON, charged with treason, was got off only by the efforts of two of the most brilliant lawyers in England. Lord George, even in a century lavishly provided with individuals, was remarkable. A gaunt, red-haired Scot, bursting with nerves, carrying tactlessness to the point where it became dazzling or ridiculous or both, with a defective sense of the ridiculous himself, and absolute courage, he was an original and a fanatic. He opposed the slave trade, he believed in prison reform and a strict limitation of capital punishment; he became a pacifist. Any one of these would have seemed quite mad enough in the London of 1780. After his treason trial he was sued for libel for derogatory remarks about Marie Antoinette's government, and about English prisons. As the verdict, this time, was obviously going to go against him, he took advantage of being mistakenly released without bail, and disappeared. Before he was recaptured eighteen months later he had grown a beard (which was not red like

The Third Stair

And now grown intimate with height,
White in the very brightness she had scaled,
The mountains all unfolding like a rose,
Above pollution, crowned with pollen's gold,
Careless of any consummation
She might once have hailed,
She to her angel in all modesty bowed
And undertook the shroud.

But what of Dante on the third stair
Blinded in light and limitless air,
Witness to populous inferno and to purgatory,
A less than human lover in his story?
How could he see reflected in her eyes
Only the Virgin and flowering paradise?
Was not her curtsy that of girl to myth
Her one time lover had embalmed her with?

EDA LOU WALTON

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his hair) and had become a Jewish convert: from under a broad black hat he gave his new name as Israel bar Abraham George Gordon. He too was confined in Newgate, where he received many visitors, played the violin to his fellow-convicts, and — a champion of liberty — died of jail-fever.

MR. HIBBERT is frankly concerned with telling the story in each of his books, and in each case the story is worth telling for its own sake. He does not pretend to lay bare the causes of action or to offer new interpretations of an era or its happenings or even of the characters he is writing about. But the great single presence that haunts both of them is the London poor of the eighteenth century—anonymous, teeming, living in misery and degradation which we hasten to describe as inconceivable. It seems remarkable, as this presence forces itself upon us detail by detail, that there was not still more crime than there was, and that riots were not commonplace.

Why the violence and desires and apathy of the age assumed the exact forms and urgencies that they did is of course finally inscrutable, but some of the reasons are to be sought in a study of the structure of contemporary society. Dorothy Marshall's *English People in the Eighteenth Century* is precisely that —social rather than political history. It presents not only a coherent picture of eighteenth-century society as a whole, but also renders the society comprehensible by acquainting us with the elements that brought it about, and with the pressures that were changing it. A sense of the hugeness of her subject, and the small space in which she intends to get it all, leads her to offer fewer events and concrete examples than a general reader, such as I am, might desire; occasionally it leads her too into that survey style — recalling program resumés of opera plots—which seems to await unwary historians and which renders its subject dim and hopelessly unmemorable. But her learning is impressive, her grasp of the age is penetrating and lively, she has the historian's gift of leaving one with an enhanced sense of the special reality of the era she treats of: an eighteenth century poised, enlightened, practical, aspiring, sentimental, barbarous, and here and there, as change or suffering or boredom or disgust reveals, desperate.

The Sad Amphibia

THE SLEEP OF BABY FILBERTSON and Other Stories. By James Leo Herlihy. E. P. Dutton & Co. 190 pp. $3.50.

Nelson Algren

"WE MEET the people who go to market," Chekhov observes, "but we do not see those who suffer. What is terrible in life goes on behind the scenes." The world of James Leo Herlihy is that of the useless and unzipped, the loveless and defrauded, lost multitudes shut off from the living whose cries are never heard. It is the world of Baby Filbertson, a mountain of infantile butterfat living in a barbiturated mist, begging his mother for "just one pheeny"; to lie at last in a store-bought sleep with the sheet covering him entirely, his bed "like a slab on which lay the corpse of some giant fetus."

It is also the world of Lizzie Ballinet, aging clairvoyant and movie extra who reports daily to a studio long boarded; still carrying, in a gold-mesh handbag, the diary given her by Russ Columbo in 1932; and accosting strangers with unsolicited prophecies — *"Time to travel!* Go along if you must but never forget the lovely lady who spoke to you on Hollywood Boulevard." Lizzie, wearing on the outside what other people wear inside, is definitely unzipped.

It is the world, too, of the young pervert writing home to his mama in Montevideo: "Dear Mama, I met a girl at dancing school. . . . " Or that of Irene, a vulnerable widow seeking an army-post husband, who becomes a mark for a sergeant called Roister-Doister.

It is a roister-doistered world of easy victims whose tragedy, to Herlihy, is not physical death but dehumanization: loss of humor, dignity and pride. His lovers move through a fog that seems to have followed the centuries of ceaseless rains when giant serpents and tiny-headed monsters ruled the earth. In the minds of Herlihy's people such monsters reign today.

Other writers have demanded our attention to these secret American grievers. In Nathanael West they emerged as grotesques from a chamber of American horrors; in Steinbeck as peasants and hobos, sometimes retarded but always picturesque; in Saroyan as carnival kewpies with painted-bow mouths. In Tennessee Williams they became figures of classic tragedy, the high-pitched and

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man With the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

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the doomed trapped between degradation and the loony-bin, dependent upon the kindness of strangers.

Herlihy writes with an edge of iron that Steinbeck lost and Saroyan never had, a real indignation at humiliation of the human spirit.

This book is not the work of a fully developed writer, for the author has not yet realized that, even in the eons of endless rains, there were moments of sun when the tiny-headed monsters came out and purely rocked with laughter. Yet in a time when it is difficult to tell a writer from a custom tailor, it is good to discover one so old-fashioned as to believe that the business of literature is still mankind. Tom Keogh's drawings are a match for Herlihy's prose.

The Arts from Japan

Lincoln Kirstein

THE advancement of Japan as a focus for art studies is an impressive fact of the postwar years. Not since the islands were first opened a century ago has the effect of Japanese ideas in building, painting, gardening and crafts had such interest as today. The reason is evident: many Americans, during and since the war, have had direct contact with Japanese life: and, as in time past, the conqueror is conquered. Even before the war, old Japan had vanished from easy access; today it has gone still further, except in national monuments, the topography of the countryside, and the nature of the people. But Western travelers who see Japan for the first time find so many differences from home, and enough survivals from the past, that a visit is certainly as rewarding as an initial encounter with Europe. Failing that, there are books, bundles of them, embracing every aspect of art from sword guards to theatre, tea bowls to folk toys. Many are printed in English in Tokyo; book-making there is of a high standard, often with a delicious flavor in typography and binding, and by European standards not expensive, either for black and white or color. Before briefly noticing some recent publications, one must mention three key books published in the last five years which are the indispensable basis for any small library: Paine and Soper on *Japanese Art and Architecture* in the Pelican series ($8.50), the paperback reprint of Langdon Warner's *Enduring Art of Japan* (Evergreen Books, $1.95), and Binyon and Sexton's *Japanese Colour Prints* (Frederick Books, $3.).

Perhaps the most beautiful recent single book is Yukio Yashiro's *2000 Years of Japanese Art* (Abrams, $25.). A big picture book, with fine plates in color and black and white, it is edited as consecutive history with careful captions. Yashiro is famous for his classic study on Botticelli; his easy knowledge of Western art enables him to see his own country's entire contribution without special pleading or provincialism. To own this book is to have at hand a great choice of painting and sculpture; it does not extend to architecture, gardens or handicraft. A less expensive volume covering many of the same objects is Peter Swann's *An Introduction to the Arts of Japan* (Praeger, $8.50). Swann, a Cambridge University orientalist, edited Yashiro's book; his own is a fully illustrated historical guide that includes building, ceramics and much background in the complicated political, social and religious history some understanding of which is essential to an appreciation of calligraphic style, woodcarving or the glaze on cups.

IF ONE can own only one book on Japanese architecture, which means the drastic exclusion of farmhouse, castle, shrine and garden, one can scarcely do better than to get *The Muro-ji: An Eighth Century Japanese Temple*, a book of photographs with commentary by Ken Domon, printed in Japan, but circulated here by Grove Press ($12.50). Its fifty-six superb and superbly reproduced plates present one small but famous building over the span of the four seasons. The meaning of Japanese architecture, apart from its perfection in transcendent proportion and seemingly poor or ephemeral materials, is its relation to its land in the time of year. Seasons unroll like an endless scroll; architecture focuses emphasis and shows the most and least of man's imprint. This book has a deeply modest pathos. Conceived during the worst of war, with few facilities for travel or picture-taking, its achievement was an act of piety; no one can read the photographer's decent justification for the exclusion of human figures (save one tiny fisherman) without being affected by his translucent sense of the past, his unblinking acceptance of the tragic destiny of his country.

Another book with strong autobiographical flavor is James Michener's *The Hokusai Sketch-Books* (Tuttle, $10.). His first complete draft of a complex study was lost when the plane carrying this able storyteller ditched in the Pacific. The reconstruction of such concentrated research is morally exhausting, yet Michener started all over and expresses himself as even happier with the second result. In the light of this, and recognizing the great worth of the designs reproduced, it may be ungracious to carp. When the so-called Azuma Company of classical dancers and musicians was presented on Broadway some years ago, many knowing people expressed distaste that it was palmed off as the genuine Kabuki article; others were content to see a reasonable facsimile of traditional style, however inaccurate or fragmentary. The latter response is much what one feels about Michener's choice from the fifteen volumes of block-books by one of the world's great draftsmen, particularly since the editor so frankly disavows any big claims and recognizes every shortcoming from the outset. He has generously selected from all printable portions, regrets his incapacity to include the fascinating erotica; much of his commentary is illuminating and can be found nowhere else in English.

Even so—the categories he sets up (People, Flora, Fauna, Landscape, The Past, Grotesqueries, etc.) are artificial, continually overlap and seem to provide a false apparatus for criticism. The extremely subtle blush- to flesh-pink of the original color is rendered a blank salmon-yellow; delicate wispy shadows and rich grays now read battleship-gray and flat black. In the space of the last six months it was possible to purchase in half a dozen New York second-hand bookstores, ten volumes of the block-books, in fair condition, in early printings at an average price of $5 each. So, from the points of price and convenience it is good to have this book; but it might have been better to have paid double, have had half as many pictures, with an editorial and technical job as masterly as the Yoshiro volume.

Phaidon has recently reissued Hillier's *Hokusai* ($8.50). Printed in England, it has good black and white and fairly good color illustrations, and is an indispensable complement to Michener. Hokusai is one of those lucky artists who, without being anything ever but their own gimlet-eyed selves, inspire universal affection, specialist as well as mass public. Less "heroic," or more justly less schematic, than earlier masters, he allows our Western eye no need for transcription or translation. It is most

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interesting to see Hokusai's own brush-drawings, before they were cut on wood. His craftsmen did not betray him, but they had their own formula which reduced his nervous hang-nail hooking and abrupt brush reversals to a far less resilient uniformity of thickness and structure. Gustave Doré, the only European illustrator comparable to Hokusai in energy or quality, drew directly on box-wood blocks, which explains the rarity of his originals. His correspondence is a lifelong lament at the inadequacy of his cutters, for he saw his dazzling designs reduced to gross hacking. Hokusai fared far better, particularly in the work calculated for many color-separations. But for the essential linear vitality one must see the many extant autographs.

ONE cannot begin to list all the books that Charles Tuttle of Rutland, Vermont and Tokyo continually publish "to span East and West." This firm performs an international cultural service. Meredith Weatherby, editor and designer, issues every sort of book with individual affection and ingenuity; the use of brocade or folk-fabric in binding, the sense of surprise on each title page, the invocation of long tradition in a new spirit, give evidence of the highest standards of book production. Tuttle's interesting catalogue is available by writing Rutland. Their small six-volume popular edition of *The Pageant of Japanese Art* ($16.) is a good miniature library in itself. *The Folk Arts of Japan* by Hugo Munsterberg ($6.75) is a very pretty object with eighteen good color plates and a sumptuous binding in folk-woven fabric. *The Samurai Sword* by John Yumoto ($3.75) is a specialist's handbook, but anyone who has seen the new, exceedingly handsome installation of Japanese arms and armor at the Metropolitan Museum in New York will want it. Yeats's admiration for Sato's sword:

> Two heavy trestles, and a board
> Where Sato's gift, a changeless sword,
> By pen and paper lies,
> That it may moralize
> My days out of their aimlessness.
> A bit of an embroidered dress
> Covers its wooden sheath.
> Chaucer had not drawn breath
> When it was forged. In Sato's house,
> Curved like new moon, moon-luminous,
> It lay five hundred years. . . .
> My Table *(The Tower,* 1928)

best expresses our Western regard for the stoic perfection in medieval craft, pottery, laquer, metal, in which a sense of feudal obligation is incarnate in wrought pieces; it is at a most abstract peak in cutting steel. We may look forward to Tuttle's imminent, definitive history of the Japanese film, by Donald Richie, *The Nation's* Tokyo correspondent.

Crown Publishers has made available at $1.25 the first three in a long series called "Art of the East." So far, we have *Japanese Picture Scrolls, Hiroshige* and *Sharaku.* Printed in Japan, in larger format than the small monographs issued by the Japanese Tourist Agency or by Tuttle, they are most attractive, with many unfamiliar examples and excellent essays. The American critic, Elise Grilli, a resident of Tokyo, gives in her study of scrolls a good analysis of the conventions of time and space in that linear aesthetic which is often alien to Western eyes. The more one studies Japanese art, the more one recognizes that the main differences derive from our accelerated ideas of temporal measurement, and our unlimited (if vague) notions of spatial possibility. So much of that painting is a positive absence that it can make an untrained or impatient eye blank or even blind. If we would understand what their paintings and ceramics are *not,* we need at least a rudimentary background in the quality and definitions of Buddhist philosophy. One of the best introductions is *Buddha and Buddhism,* by Maurice Percheron, in Harper's Men of Wisdom series ($1.50) which is well written, fully illustrated and admirably presented.

It is an exercise in muscular discipline to meditate on great scrolls; it takes mental work, but the same goes for Sienese or Catalonian painting with which we assume we have all been brought up. Western art, for us, is predigested. Since we have slight habit of the Orient, we are sometimes faced down by it, suspicious or guilty that we are not getting the most out of a given work; often there seems less than meets the eye. But if we have done our Buddhist homework, and if we look and look (not at painting alone: at everything), there comes an increasing sense of liberation, fulfillment in the very act of making a pot or a painting, of palming the pot and brushing the paper, which the imperceptible, strokeless, miraculous machinery of the greatest old Western art usually hides. Within the constrictions which are the immutable echoes of island boundaries, poverty and lack of historical and physical possibility, there flow unlimited intellectual delights.

AND there are later masters than Hokusai. The artists of the woodblock in the Meiji period have not been canonized, but recognition cannot be far off. They worked under the first massive wave of open Western influence, and their prints of the nineties and first decade of the twentieth century are what one sees so clearly reflected in the best *art-nouveau* book illustration, and Mary Cassatt's lovely aquatints. They are not prized by the Japanese; they seem too close in time for comfort; the first steel bridge in Edo is not so glamorous as the oldest stone bridge at Nikko. But the prints made at Yokohama and Nagasaki with views of American, Portuguese and French traders in the gay quarters and trade fairs; the ritual railroad arrivals and departures of the Meiji imperial family, the series of heroic narratives inspired by the Russo-Japanese War, as well as many modern genre scenes issued for the great department stores and industrial concerns are important historically and have great independent and individual beauty.

Japan today may feel uneasy in its isolation and deprived in the compulsive competition with the West; but as far as art and ideas go, the GIs who bargained for pots, prints and samurai swords, as well as our professional architects, industrial designers and moviemakers who have seen the monuments, are active witnesses to Japan's influential future.

Don't Tread on Us

Black shadow
on the dirty pavement
black shadow
of a white man
huge black shadow
of a dwarf white man
with a dirty tongue
saying a dirty word

Black shadow
across a white house
black shadow
cast by an angry sun
black shadow
among forty-nine stars
and the white is streaked
with blood and fire

Wavering flag
of our union.
A new star shines
and other stars go out.
Black shadow
of the ignorant mind
lying over
the minds of children.

DILYS LAING

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

LAST SEASON the New York Pro Musica Antiqua first presented *The Play of Daniel* in the Romanesque Hall of The Cloisters. Since I was unable to attend those performances, which were a resounding popular and critical success, I was delighted when the medieval music-drama turned up again this year, at the Chapel of the Intercession. Produced by Lincoln Kirstein, stage-directed by Niklos Psacharopoulos of the Yale School of Drama, scored and musically-directed by Noah Greenberg, it was as exquisitely wrought a theatre piece as I ever hope to see.

The Play of Daniel was written by the students of the Cathedral of Beauvais in the twelfth century and was apparently performed in one of the churches of that town at Christmastime during a period of a hundred years. It is an example of theatrical art at a fascinating stage of its development—precisely when it was severing its roots in the church and becoming a secular art. Pagan and secular elements had already made their appearance. Dance-like music and melodies recalling the art of the troubadours and trouvères abound in the play, while the story itself, based upon familiar episodes from the Book of Daniel in the Vulgate, was aimed at a popular audience. Considering its antiquity and the limited resources (by modern standards) of its music, *The Play of Daniel* has extraordinary immediacy of appeal, ranging in its moods from excitement and terror to passages which are almost erotically impassioned. For example, the song in which Daniel (Charles Bressler) reads the mystic handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace is so surcharged with emotion that it lives on in the memory both as a melody and as a feeling-tone attached to the character himself. It is, in short, musical characterization.

The research which underlay this production must have been both extensive and sensitive. The Reverend Rembert Weakland, O.S.B., translated the ancient musical notation (which appears above the lines of Latin text in the only extant manuscript of the play) into contemporary script. Since the original could give no indication of the rhythms, this was not a simple, mechanical matter, but a job of sophisticated scholarship. Trumpet flourishes, copied from examples of fourteenth-century hunting calls, were inserted at appropriate places. These were played in the performance on a Siennese straight-trumpet dating from 1406, a beautiful, four-foot-long instrument which had the smoothest, brightest sound imaginable. A number of other ancient instruments, part of the Pro Musica's collection, were used to accompany the actors. Recorders, rebec, vielle, hurdy-gurdy, portative organ, minstrel's harp, bell carillon, psaltery—all were delicate and intriguing in sound, to say nothing of the tiny finger-cymbals, hand bells and silver jingles, which set up a sweet, gamelan-like ringing in the air.

Pleasurable as I found the musical part of *The Play of Daniel,* however, the staging and costuming were just as impressive. The costumes designed by Robert Fletcher were incredibly luxurious and elegant. The soldiers' mail seemed thick and sturdy enough to serve in battle, and shone like gold. Robes worn by Belshazzar (Brayton Lewis) and his Queen (Betty Wilson) would have done credit to regents in any opulent period, while the little boy Angel (Ronald Frers) and a Herald Angel (Russell Oberlin) so resembled the gold-illuminated religious pictures one has seen since childhood that the very sight of them brought a catch in one's breath. Every gesture, each movement of an individual actor or of a group, carried with it drama and a sense of style.

There was also a splendid verse-narration by W. H. Auden, explaining each scene before it was played. Read by an actor playing the part of a monk, this not only clarified the story, but added a further element of handsome stylization. I think it is no exaggeration to say that Pro Musica's restoration of *The Play of Daniel* is as perfect a fusion of sensitive scholarship and imaginative, contemporary taste as one is ever likely to see. I shall be surprised if it does not become an annual Christmas event.

DECCA records has recently issued a recording of the play which, except for its omission of the W. H. Auden text, reproduces the performance exactly as I heard it at the Chapel of the Intercession. They have done an exemplary job. Included with the record are the Auden verses, the Latin text, historical essays by the musicologists Paul Henry Lang and Father Weakland, and an article by Margaret B. Freeman, Curator of The Cloisters, describing the steps by which Noah Greenberg and Lincoln Kirstein led *The Play of Daniel* to production. Lacking actors, decor and costumes, the listener must naturally exercise his imagination to envisage the play in its entirety. But the recording is vivid and evocative (Decca DL 9402).

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside cover*)

years, I've naturally been storing up a great deal of resentment. I derive childish pleasure from never carrying my draft card; once I left the country without notifying my draft board. Perhaps, in addition to two years in the Army, I will serve a jail sentence. I follow Thoreau.

When I am discharged I will probably cheat on my tax returns, never vote, and call the men in Washington a bunch of crooks and grafters.

(PRIVATE) STEVEN SCHRADER

New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In "Draft-Doger or Patriot?" John C. Esty, Jr., writes, "Being drafted . . . currently involves two years of active service in the Army, which for a college graduate holds faint hope of useful activity (in spite of the 'round-hole—square-peg' stories)."

I spent most of my two years in the Army as a member of its Scientific and Professional Program, which attempts to utilize the specialized, civilian training of graduates for the good of the Army. As far as I was able to determine from my own experience (at two separate posts), and the experience of my friends, such events as the court-martial of the eleven scientific and professional personnel at the Army Chemical Center, Md., and the misuse of mathematicians like Shult at Fort Lee, Va., this program is a complete failure. Many of the S & P personnel wind up as some sort of clerk-typist.

Those who are assigned to "scientific" programs find them trivial, unscientific and, usually, meaningless. Trained sociologists, for example, conduct tests on socks for the Army's new Bermuda-shorts uniform; trained chemists run eighteen-months-long tests on whether one kind of material for a cap will ripple as much as another; trained geologists test closures for fifty-gallon drums. I once wrote the Adjutant General and suggested specific reasons for the program's failure: an inadequate classification system and absurd assignments. The letter was never acknowledged.

Perhaps Mr. Esty knows of other programs in which the college graduate has a better chance of being utilized. Of course, if one becomes an officer, that's probably another matter entirely.

HARRIS DIENSTFREY

New York, N.Y.

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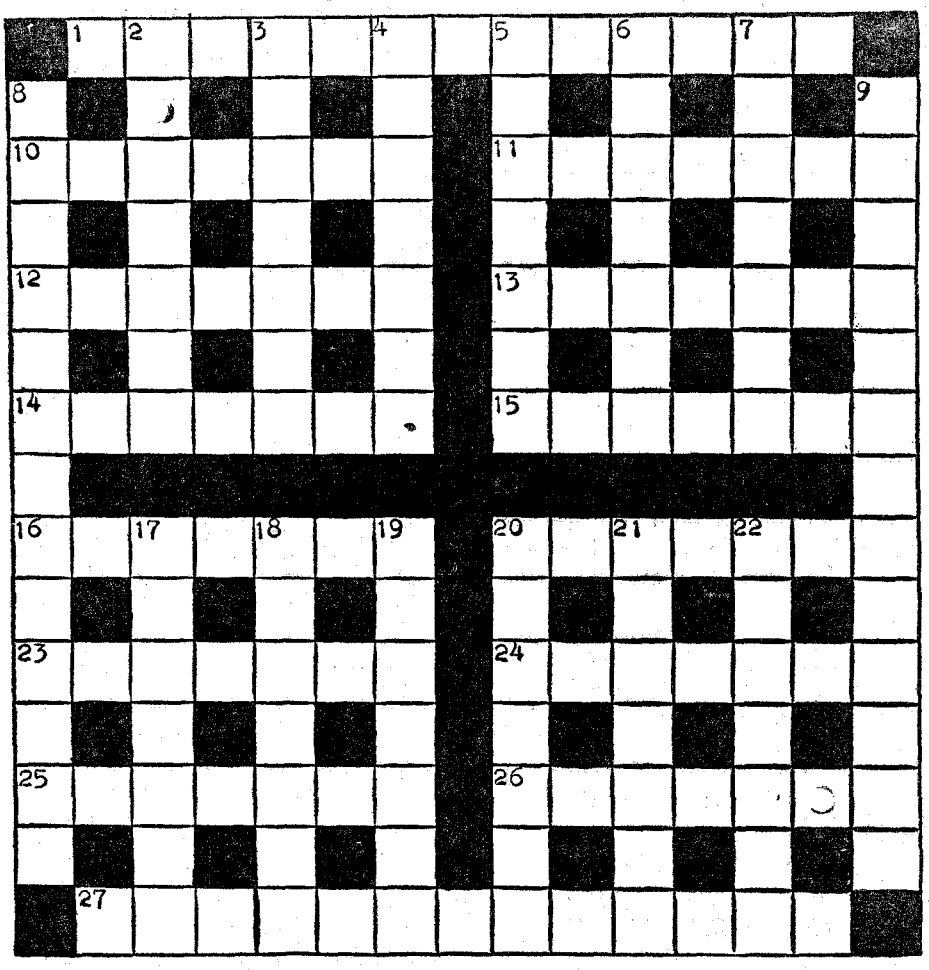
Crossword Puzzle No. 805

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Eventually Venus could have so boasted to Dione, if you don't like Hesiod's version. (4,2,2,5)
10 Strip. (7)
11 Backed up by a canine. (7)
12 More like Old King Cole. (7)
13 I disencumber one with some hesitation from one of the heaviest substances. (7)
14 If I'd get sick enough, you'd see I had inner restlessness. (7)
15 The root of spirits to almost half of England. (7)
16 Father of Thomas, the Dupe? (4-3)
20 Widen the way, when Franklin is about. (7)
23 Offers attached to locomotives? (7)
24 Where to find a broken strut as things might be held. (2,5)
25 This is rich! (7)
26 The sort preferred by some diners isn't in the race. (7)
27 Concerning what expresses action with time on the right side? Rather reflective! (13)

DOWN:

2 Does some food have to be so arranged? (7)
3 A prince of the silk, he divested himself. (7)
4 Makes confident and certain, in rather foolish surroundings. (7)
5 Supposing nothing losing vigor makes it? (7)
6 It needs more than one pair of hands to get something done about the capital of Uruguay! (7)
7 A version in one word. (7)
8 Not the weakness of "Generation of Vipers," though some body might get all wrapped up in it! (13)
9 The people who 18 in rising, promote a disturbance. (13)
17 Not up to reliable clipping? (7)
18 One has to have a following to do so. (7)
19 In order to avoid an unwelcome ring? (Not so much associated with the board now.) (7)
20 Might it be raised on the plane or the body, as a buzzer cataloger? (7)
21 Certainly not in the basket marked "in" for the picket. (7)
22 Thomas, according to reference. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 804

ACROSS: 1 Impressionistic; 9 Sprig; 10 Ruthenium; 11 Ransack; 12 Ruthful; 13 Measled; 14 Phalanx; 16 Needful; 19 Achieve; 21 Amusing; 23 Plaudit; 24 Incubator; 26 and 25 The Wearing of the Green. DOWN: 1 Instrumentalist; 2 Parentage; 3 Engrail; 4 Stroked; 5 Outcrop; 6 Inertia; 7 Thief; 8 Complex sentence; 15 Amendment; 17 Friable; 18 Lighter; 19 Aspirin; 20 Hwang Ho; 22 Uncle.

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